

NEVADA.

BY JOSEPH T. GOODMAN.

The mighty tide of empire dashed
Upon a continent's bold strand,
And, rolling back, its billows washed
And fertilized a desert land.

There came—the founders of a State,
The men with a spirit brave and free,
Who snatched the magic wand of Fate
And shaped their own high destiny.

They smote with it the barren rock,
A silver tide was discombed;
The mountains sank beneath the shock,
And arid valleys rose and bloomed.

In canyon, desert, plain and glade,
On mountains towering to the skies,
The broad foundations have been laid
On which our noble State shall rise.

Proud may we be, whom God selects
As trusty instruments of fate,
Proud may we be, the architects
Who rear the pillars of a State.

The humblest laborers who toil
Within the tunnels dark and murky,
Are clothed with majesty the while
They aid this grand creative work.

Though poor, the legacy they leave
The gift of wealth or rank exceeds—
This proudest boast their souls shall have
A heritage of noble deeds.

Then, lend a stout and willing hand
And let the stately structure tower,
With its proportions fair and grand,
As reared by superhuman power.

So fair, so grand, that we with pride
Shall list while generous tongues relate
Where met the East and Western tide
Was formed at last a perfect State!

BARBARA'S DIFFICULTY.

That Barbara Hawkins owed a great deal to her step-mother was a fact that she could not have concealed from herself if she had tried. Her father's house had been a very home of discomfort during the dull interim between her own mother's death and the arrival of the youthful and winning stranger who had been somehow persuaded by Squire Hawkins to "come and take keer of his little darter."

The history of the next five years, in which she herself had grown from girlhood to womanhood, included all the genuine sunshine of Barbara's life, and she knew to whom that change, and a good many other excellent things, were due.

Then, since the squire had been gathered to his fathers, what a notable manager had Widow Hawkins proved herself for the very moderate property he had left behind him!

It was just there that the difficulty was now coming in, for that which, with good management, had kept the two women very nicely, so long as they lived together, could continue to do so only under just that state of affairs. The widow's share, if set apart by itself, would be only another name for poverty. True, and yet what suitor, or at least which one of the two now nearest to a proper condition for consideration, would care to "marry a mother-in-law," and a step-mother at that, as well as a wife?

"And she understands it," said Barbara to herself, that September afternoon, "as well as I do. She's as polite to both of them as if they were courting her instead of me. I must say it's been very convenient once or twice, for they both like her. In fact, everybody likes her, and that's what makes my position so very peculiar."

A very pretty girl was Barbara Hawkins; even prettier than her step-mother, and that was saying something, in spite of the widow's thirty years.

A bit of a belle, too, was the squire's "heirress" in that unambitious rural community, and by no means without some characteristics which put the village gossips at times in mind of "Squire Hawkins' fust wife."

At the present juncture, however, the public opinion of the Dorcas Society was more than usually perplexed. The best judges of such matters were inclined to "guess Bill Emmons is a little ahead," although this was sure to be followed by the remark, "but then, you know, Dan Grover's got ten dollars to Bill's one, and he's a mighty sight stidlier."

And Barbara was in a worse quandary about it than the Dorcas Society knew how to be, for at times she almost suspected her

heart of threatening an impertinent interference before her head could have a fair chance.

"She'd be entitled to a third, I suppose," soliloquized the fair maiden, "and she's a wonderful hand with her needle. There's no danger of her starving. There's lots of folks'd be glad enough to have her come and live with them."

And Barbara did not know it, but a train of thought very nearly related to her own was at that moment passing through the mind of the widow, as she stepped lightly to and fro among the household duties, of which she had so kindly relieved her step-daughter.

"I don't hear the piano," murmured the soft, low voice of the widow, "and yet I know she wanted to practice that new piece. Young Emmons will be here this evening. I ought not to say a word in such a matter. She's old enough to decide for herself, but why can't she see that Dan Grover's worth five hundred of him?—not to mention his farm, and that's something now-a-days. I wouldn't put that in her head, however—not for the world. I've paid dearly enough for making just that sort of mistake. Better to have gone out to service or taken in sewing. That's what I may have to do when Barbara is married!"

The neat, tidy figure paused in the kitchen doorway as she said that, and a shade of sadness swept across her face.

"Live in the house, with Bill Emmons for the master of it?" she exclaimed, after a pause. "Not I, indeed! She won't have sense enough to settle on Dan Grover, I'm afraid. Would I stay, then, if she did? Not so long as I could beg or earn any other shelter!"

The last exclamation came out with unnecessary energy, and the widow caught up a broom and made an immediate assault on the kitchen floor.

The sweeping was very unnecessary indeed.

Barbara had very clearly misunderstood her step-mother, and the widow had also failed to penetrate the mind of the squire's pretty and sensible representative.

There was only too good a reason why the sheet of music forwarded by Mr. Emmons had received so little attention that afternoon.

Barbara's morning walk had carried her past the fine old homestead of the Grovers, now the sole property of the present family representative, and she had noted only too precisely the renovating and beautifying process on which Dan was expending half the proceeds of that year's liberal wheat crop.

Carpenters, glaziers, painters, and all the Dorcas Society was in arms, she knew, about the extravagant waste which the old-fashioned interior was transforming.

More than one village critic had added to his other charitable thoughts the surmise, "Looks kinder bad for Bill Emmons," and Barbara herself could have assured them of the correctness of their reasoning.

She was too kind-hearted, however, not to add to herself, "So much the better, too, for Mrs. Hawkins. Neither Dan nor I would object to her living at the old place till we could find a buyer. I only wish she could raise the money and buy it herself!"

It was, therefore, as the mistress of the renovated mansion behind the maples at the turn of the road that Barbara Hawkins was considering herself when tea-time came, and she was quite ready to hurry back into the parlor while her ready-handed step-mother supervised their solitary 'help' in putting away the tea-things.

By the time poor Bill Emmons made his appearance, after his long day's drudgery in the one law office of the village, where he was the junior, and therefore perhaps the working, partner—by that time Barbara was ready, civilly as she received him, to wish he would postpone his call until she could

"receive him in so much better style." And yet that night, of all nights, the young lawyer had made up his mind to put his fate to the test, "and win or lose it all."

Not a bad fellow was Bill, and he had more than once reflected how charmingly convenient was the location of the Hawkins' homestead, and what a tremendous lift the possession of that and the productive little farm belonging thereto would give to a struggling young lawyer like himself. The fact that he was over head and heels in love with Barbara, made the whole affair absolutely beautiful.

Sad was the trial to his impatient feelings, therefore, when all the eloquence of which he was master—and he had long considered himself master of the situation as well—only resulted in obtaining for him the promise from Barbara that she "would consult her step-mother."

"Such a change it would make for her if I should leave her," sighed Barbara.

"Not at all, not at all," eagerly exclaimed Bill. "She could live with us, you know. Everybody likes her, I am sure. I do. She wouldn't be in the way at all."

But vain was all he could say or do, except that Barbara's vision of the Grover farm and house may have receded somewhat as she listened to the pleading of her suitor. She almost hoped that Dan might not come that evening, for not only the present situation had its charms, but it might have its perils as well.

Dan Grover was not a man to be trifled with, she knew, for all his quiet, self-contained ways.

And so it was with something of a feeling of relief that Barbara listened, at last, to the bur of the big kitchen clock striking nine.

It was at the same instant that the shadow of two who were walking side by side in the moonlight fell on the gate in a singularly unified manner; and then, as the gate opened, Barbara sprang to her feet with a slight exclamation. She had been sitting close to the low window seat, and she had not seen fit, or had forgotten, to light a lamp.

There may or there may not have been any cause for surprise, but the way of it had been this: No sooner were the tea things out of the way than Mrs. Hawkins remembered an errand she had in the village, and had slipped quietly out to perform it. Nor would so simple a matter have taken two long hours, but that, just as the widow was stepping across the little foot-bridge at the brook, the form of a tall, broad-shouldered, vigorous man of, say, thirty-five summers stood before her, and a deep voice remarked:

"Right about face, please. I want a bit of a talk with you, and there'd be no chance for it at the house."

Not a word said the little lady, as Dan Grover drew her arm in his, but she thought, "If he wants to speak of Barbara, he's right, for Bill Emmons must be there by this time. What a fool she is! He don't begin to compare with Dan."

It must be confessed, however, that it seemed wonderfully pleasant, even when Dan turned up the shadowy lane toward the grove, and when he seemed disposed to put off his express business and to talk of his farm and his house, and at last of himself.

"I have everything around me fixed as nicely as I could ask for," he remarked at length; "but I grow lonelier every day. The fact is, I've determined to have a wife, if I can get the one I want; but there's only one in all the wide world. I'd be lonelier than I am now with any other."

"Why don't you speak to her, then?" said the widow with a half-choked feeling in her throat. "She's a very sensible girl, but I don't think it would be right for me to try to influence her. I believe a man has no right to marry without

loving."

Quick as lightning—very different from Dan's ordinarily calm, slow style—was his responsive query: "Have you always been of that opinion? Have you acted on it?"

The plump, soft hand on his arm was jerked away in an instant, and Barbara's step-mother was almost sobbing with angry and wounded feeling, as she stepped back from him, exclaiming: "How dare you! What have you to do with that? Ask Barbara for her secrets, if you will. Mine are my own."

"Exactly," responded the steady-minded Dan, but his voice was shaking in spite of his self-control. "You have told me part of your secret, Marian Hawkins, whether you meant to or not. I knew you could never have loved him. Now I will tell you mine. You are the only woman without whom I must forever be lonely. You have been only too faithful to Barbara, or you would have seen it before."

Rapid, earnest, passionate, grew the strong man's words as he uttered them, and he closed by a sudden forward movement. Before the widow knew it, Dan had his arms around her, and even her tears betrayed her.

It was too late for anything but to let Dan have his own way. Such a willful fellow he was, too. And when at last the widow insisted on going homeward, their arrival at the gate was signaled by just such another theft as he had perpetrated twenty times already, for Barbara's exclamation had been simply, "Kissed her!"

Never was a lamp lit so quickly in all the world before; but between the finding and the scratching of the match, Bill Emmons managed to say—for he was a fellow of excellent mind—"Perhaps, Barbara, that may remove some of our difficulties."

And Barbara made no reply; but when Dan and the widow came into the parlor, it was not easy to say which of the two women was blushing the most violently.

"It's all right, Bill," remarked Dan. "I don't know that any explanations are required. You have our entire consent."

The vision of the newly painted house had faded from the mind of Barbara Hawkins, but it was Dan's remark that called her attention to the manner in which she was clinging to the arm of Bill Emmons. The latter was equal to the occasion, however, for he replied:

"Well, so long as I've got Barbara's I don't mind having yours; and then he added quickly, "I say, Dan, you and I are two fellows of remarkably good sense."

So Barbara's difficulty about her step-mother's future as well as her own was removed for her entirely, and, curiously enough, Dan Grover spent the rest of his natural life in the assurance that neither he nor his adorable wife had ever known but one love.

A HORRIBLE STORY.—A Russian peasant was traveling in a sleigh along the banks of the Prut, not long ago, and his wife and four children were with him. Suddenly they were pursued by a pack of wolves. The peasant whipped his horses, but soon perceived that the wolves were gaining upon him. When the hungry beasts were on each side of the sleigh the worthy peasant seized his youngest child and threw it in the midst of his pursuers, and while they were struggling over their prey he lashed his horses and gained ground. Four times the wolves came up with the fugitives, and each time a child was thrown to them. At last the peasant and his wife arrived at the nearest village, leaving behind them the bones of their four children. The mother went before a Judge and made a complaint against her husband for abandoning his children to the wolves, but the peasant was acquitted on the ground that he was striving to save his wife's life. The old lady may have had misgivings that if the village had been a mile further on he would have pitched her into the snow after the children in order to protect himself, and hence her gratitude was lukewarm.

Rome can boast, at the present time, one of the finest tenors ever known, in the person of a Franciscan monk, Father Giovanni. Impresario he repeatedly besought him to leave the cloister for the stage, but he turns a deaf ear. When he sang at the Easter fetes the churches were crammed to suffocation. He is a fine, robust man of 35.

A Brave Regiment.

During the Peninsular campaign, Wellington was often forced to send picked men into dangerous places. On a certain occasion it became necessary to capture a battery at St. Sebastian—a battery that was hurling death and destruction into the British ranks—and the lay of the land was such, and attendant circumstances, that not more than a full regiment could be used in the work. The Duke selected the body of men and told them what he wanted done. He knew the danger of the enterprise, but the safety of the whole army depended upon the success of that one movement. Said he to the commanding officer: "Colonel, I have faith in you and in your men. Your regiment is the first in the world."

"Aye, my lord," replied the Colonel quickly, "and by the time your order is fully executed it will be the first in the next!" And then he plunged to the head of his regiment, and gave the order for the forward movement.

His reply to the Duke had been heard by those who stood near, and they told it to others, so it flew through the regiment and became the battle cry. The old soldiers caught inspiration from it. It made them invincible. They somehow thought that it would be all right with them anyway. They would be the first regiment, let it be in this world or the next. With a loud shout they dashed on—dashed on with an impetus against which the French cannoniers went down like grass—and not more than one man in twenty of the attacking party was fatally stricken. Wellington afterward declared, and others declared with him, that it was the most magnificent charge ever seen.

A CONFUSED SPIRITUALIST.—Canon Gilbert and three priests of the Roman Church in England recently engaged the best medium whom the National Association of Spiritualists could recommend, and told him to set to work. The spirits were out of gear and needed oiling. The violin was dumb, the table was stationary, the spirits stayed away. The visitors assured the medium that they were willing to wait until midnight if he would write upon a closed slate, move objects at a distance, or do some other marvel. The slate was opened, but its surface was a perfect blank, and the medium's effort to produce a double self in a darkened room was an ignominious failure. The Canon paid him a fee of two guineas and invited him to try again some other day, but he objected on the ground that it was a case of four skeptics against one spiritualist. Evidently spirits don't count.

GAMBLING.—We do not quite see the moral difference between betting our money that the jack will come out of the silver box before the ace, or that Con. Virginia will go to twenty. Just why one man should go to the county jail for calling the turn in cards and not go there for calling the turn in stocks is not apparent to us. Why clergymen should deal in shares of mines upon a gambling stock board, and preach against coppering the call from a pulpit, is altogether beyond our discriminating comprehension. We have denied ourselves many a good terrapin dinner out of respect to that public opinion that allows a gang of police to break into rooms where it may be suspected that gambling may be carried on, and have thought it hard that the law discriminated so nicely. —Argonaut.

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the King and clown, the Prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep on forever.

TWO TYPES OF WOMEN.—We are by no means disposed to encourage the plaintive class of affectedly ailing women, but we believe that there are many wives who unwisely deprive themselves of the sympathy which is their due and of the care which they require by hiding their sufferings through fear of either disheartening or perhaps repelling their husbands. It is astonishing with what bravery some women will bear the intensest agony, and with what resolution suppress their cries. —Harper's Bazar.

Woman a Lady.

Wildness is a thing that girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing that cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

"The world is wide, these things are small; They may be nothing, but they are all."

Nothing? It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish men or women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt. —Gail Hamilton.

A GOOSE'S FIGHT WITH A BULL.—A heavy-throated bull near the village, noted for his fierceness, accidentally stepped on one of a brood of goslings, recently, which a gander was holding watch and guard over with great solicitude. Straightaway the gander attacked the bull, and, seizing him by the tail with his beak, his wings lashed the animal's flanks with the greatest fury. In vain the bull wheeled around to reach his antagonist; the gander wheeled with him, all the while retaining his hold upon the bull's tail, and showering blows with his powerful wings with telling effect upon the bull's legs until he fairly roared with pain and terror. At last the gander, apparently thinking that his adversary had sufficient punishment, let go his hold, and the bull took to his heels with the liveliest speed, only stopping when he reached the farther corner of the field. —Mid-dletown (N. Y.) Argus.

"PRAY ON MY PLATE TOO."—A little bright-eyed three-year-old was seated in his high chair at the dinner table. Mamma had arranged the little uneasy, while for the moment his sprightliness and fun had made him the observed of the family. She had placed him snugly up to the table, pinned on his bib, and succeeded in getting the little mischievous hands quiet, and making him "hush," when father proceeded to ask the blessing. While this was in progress our little chubby made a discovery. It was that all the plates on the table, except his own little plate, were in one pile at "papa's place," and it seemed to him were put there to get the benefit of the solemn ceremony. So, scarcely waiting for the "Amen," he held out his own plate in both hands, saying, "Please, papa, pray on my plate, too." —Christian at Work.

A CHANGE.—They were out walking, enjoying the cool refreshing air. The bright moon cast its rays over the lady, giving her an almost angelic appearance, and imparted to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft white hands rested in his, and ever and anon she met his ardent gaze with one of pure love. Suddenly a change came over her features; her full, red lips trembled as if with suppressed sighs; the muscles of her faultless mouth became convulsed; she gasped for breath, and, snatching her hand from the soft pressure of his, she turned away, buried her face in her cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed!

They can't find out whether Mr. Hayes pulls off his boots with a boot-jack or among the rungs of a chair, or whether he ever pulls them off at all, and there is deep sorrow among the Jenkins correspondents.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Live for Something.

Live for something; be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary;
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee has many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway;
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver;
With their grief-dispelling wiles.

As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladly well the darkened earth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give—and thy reward shall be.

Joy unto thy soul returning
From this thy fountain head,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

The Russian Advance.

An Interesting Account of Affairs on the Banks of the Danube.

[Telegram from the Chicago Times.]

Russian officers at first boasted that they were going to surprise the world with another Sedan. It was the common talk of camp that a Muscovite Moltke had fabricated in advance a series of encounters which should shatter the Turks in the first encounter, and compel their surrender at Balkans. Aside from diplomatic aid, swollen rivers, and fine natural positions have given the Turks unexpected confidence. Armed plentifully with Krupp guns, they have rendered the river nearly unassailable, save by a combined force of the army and navy. The Turkish monitors neutralize the Russian superiority in forces. The whole line of the Danube available for crossing is swollen into lake-like wastes, and where these are not, gunboats are in irresistible force. The Russians have none; hence the miles of corduroy essential to form approaches to the river is a work of desperate daring and uncertain accomplishments. With the Krupp guns, and French and English gunners, the Turks held their own impetuously. Even the Turkish infantry are better armed than their rivals. With American and British repeating rifles they mow the Russian ranks as they advance in thick groups to the attack. The Russians have ordinary needle guns of the first Prussian model, which do not carry and are not accurate in aim. This discovery compels a change in the Russian tactics. Instead of charging in solid columns and maintaining the fight, they will in the future make use of a skirmish advance, offering poor marksmen like the Turks less surface for their showers of shot.

The Russians are displaying wonderful endurance in marching. Young infantry soldiers, notwithstanding the heavy weight they carry, and the thick mud through which they tramp, are vindicating the marching reputation of the Russian peasant-soldier. Few more extraordinary marches have been executed than that long tramp of the advance guard of the Eleventh corps, from the frontier across the Pruth to Reni and Galatz, and to the Barbochi bridge. Although the Cossacks who preceded the infantry were in many cases asleep in their saddles, the foot soldiers closed up gallantly at the sound of the music and strode on, singing lustily, as if the day's march had only just begun, leaving scarcely a single straggler to bring up the rear. The first infantry troops marching into Jassy moved along worse roads, evinced more symptoms of distress, and the men were reduced to the necessity of sitting down in the streets from actual exhaustion. The health of the marching army is excellent. Surgeons in full complement, ambulance trains and hospital equipments have taken precedence on the railway even of munitions of war, and the Roumanian civil and military hospitals open their doors to receive the Russian sick. So far as can be judged by reconnoitering parties the Turks are depending on English influence rather than their own battalions to hold the Grand Duke's half million men in check. Silistria, till 3 months ago, stood as when the Russians, repulsed by the efforts, mainly, of the Englishmen, Butler and Glynn, recoiled in 1854, from before its battered ramparts. Widdin is a piece of patchwork.

Rustchuck is formidable if adequately armed, not as a fortress, for the fortress of Rustchuck proper is rotten and obsolete, but as an entrenched camp, on a fine site, commanding if not forbidding the crossing of the river on its frontier. The Commander-in-Chief is tied by orders from the Czar, who is listening to Shouvaloff's English budget. It is said by diplomatic representatives of Bucharest that the result may be a cessation of the campaign on the Danube, and a resumption of negotiations with England and Austria, while the Asiatic campaign goes on with determination. In confirmation of this, it is well known that active correspondence is going on between the British, Russian and Turkish cabinets. It is England's last effort before drawing the sword.

"Ben, why were you out so late last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve!" "How dare you sit there and tell me that? I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch. It was 3 o'clock." "Well isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

Buckwheat as a Late Crop.

Probably one of the best paying late crops in California is buckwheat. Last season the waters remained up in the rivers so late that the lands in many places along their banks could not be cultivated in time for barley, oats or wheat, and many farmers resorted to buckwheat rather than to let the lands lie idle or grow to weeds. The experiment generally proved successful, and the crop paid as well, or better, than would a crop of barley. In many cases the seed was not sown till the middle or latter part of June, and yet the crop matured well and paid well. Encouraged by this success, they propose to try it again this year. Some who have already grown a crop of barley on moist land are proposing to get the barley off as soon as possible, and plow up the stubble and sow to buckwheat, thus making two crops in the year. With present high prices of all kinds of grain this is a promising enterprise, and we have no doubt will pay. The moist lands near the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, including the islands, can be made to raise good crops of buckwheat if sown at any time before the middle or 20th of the present month. Buckwheat germinates with a small amount of moisture, and when once out of the ground the plants seem to inhale moisture from the air to a greater degree than most any other plant cultivated. The grain fills better also in cool fall weather than the warm weather of summer, so that it seems to be adapted to late cultivation.—S. F. Bulletin.

OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE TRACK.—Yesterday morning as freight train No. 8 was on the way from Carlin to this place, the train men noticed two men whom they supposed to be tramps, leave the track a little west of Stone House and skulk behind the sagebrush, where they lay partially concealed until the train passed by. Frank Lightner, the engineer, suspected from the actions of the men that they had been doing some mischief, so he kept a sharp lookout and slackened the speed of the train. A mile or two west of where the men were seen, he noticed ahead what appeared to be a man lying across the track. He whistled down brakes and the train was stopped. What appeared to be a man proved to be a tie, which was laid across the track and braced with other ties fixed between the rails so firmly that the two flenders who skulked in the sagebrush placed the ties on the track, probably from motives of revenge for having been put off some other train on the road. It is unfortunate that those cowardly scoundrels cannot be identified and punished to the full extent of the law.—Silver State, May 31st.

A STRANGE CHANGE OF AIR CURRENTS.—For years past the currents of air through the Ophir and Gould & Curry shafts have had a downward course, and those through the Consolidated Virginia and C. & C. shafts an upward tendency. On Monday last a sudden and strange change took place. Without any apparent cause the direction of the air currents underwent a complete reversal. Those in the Ophir and Gould & Curry assumed a strong upward tendency, and those in the California and Consolidated Virginia are equally strong downward. In many places in all these mines, doors have been placed in the drifts and air passages, to break or check the strength of the air currents. These doors were held shut by the suction of the air drifts, ready to be pushed open by any one desiring a passage through. When the change took place, these doors were swung wide open by the force of the currents, and in many places lights burning in hitherto protected places were suddenly extinguished. There evidently was some natural cause for this sudden change. Can some of our local philosophers explain what it was?—G. H. News, May 31st.

There died lately in England a man named Hedgeman, remarkable as the first who introduced tepid swimming baths into that country. He bought a number of old houses in Holborn, London, for the purpose, but the bath didn't pay; so, after losing, in ten years, \$30,000 by it, he made it a Casino, and it was known for years as the Holborn Casino. This paid splendidly and he died rich. The place is now a cheap restaurant, where a band plays during dinner. Every London parish now has a splendid swimming bath, open at a charge of six cents, and private baths, beautifully kept, at six cents and twelve cents. There is a terrible want of these in New York. A poor boy can't get a good wash under twenty-five cents.

There is no use of having garments spoiled by oil-spots from the machine. If woolen, rub with benzine and a clean piece of flannel at once. Put a thick coating of French chalk on the soiled spot, then cover with a piece of brown paper, and iron until the paper is soiled. This will not injure delicate fabrics. For white goods, lay the spot in the flat on a table, take a piece of hard soap, wet it, and rub on the dry cloth until thoroughly soaped; then rub smoothly between the hands and it will all disappear.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article.—Prof. Huxley.

Ben. Butler Bucks.

The Massachusetts Statesman Lets Loose a Blasphemous Torrent.

General Butler has evidently been reading the history of certain San Francisco sensation journals and their interviewers. A Herald reporter calling on him Tuesday evening was treated thusly, after waiting two hours patiently for an interview:

Butler—"Where is this fellow of the press who wants to interview me?" (Herald reporter taking the whole proceeding as a joke of the General's)

"I am the fellow, General; perhaps you may remember."

Butler—"Remember nothing; damn the whole press; I'll have no interviewers, and I'll—"

Reporter—"I simply wish to ask you, General, if you have heard of the new party that report says has been?"

Butler—"Damn the report; there's no new party. I have had enough of newspaper men, and when you go away you will just go down and write three columns of an interview with me that never took place, and I'll be damned if I stand it. You!"

Reporter—"Spare yourself, General; there is no need for being uneasy about it. You know."

Butler—"Getting red in the face and quite boisterous." "I know nothing, and call upon this man here (pointing to a gentleman who was quietly rocking himself but taking in the situation) as a witness that I never said anything to you, and if you say—"

Reporter—"I shall say nothing, sir, beyond what has occurred; but I think—"

Butler—"Say no more, leave the room and that's the end of it, etc."

The reporter left with many blasphemous imprecations in his wake from the statesman of Massachusetts.

A World interviewer, who was waiting his turn, thus describes the Herald's repulse: "Presently there came a roar as of a wounded bull, and General Butler was heard to say, in crescendo tones, 'I don't know anything about it; I haven't thought about it; I won't say a word about it; do you hear now; don't go and write two columns of an interview about it; I've got a witness that I did not say a word about it. Good day, good day—no, I won't say a word about it. Good day.' 'I hope I haven't offended you,' stammered somebody, retreating to the door. 'No offense. Good day, and there was a sound of a heavily closed door.' The World reporter enters. Butler, reclining on a chair, courteously greeted him. "I am a little diffident," said the reporter, "after the repulse of the Herald man."

"But he didn't say he was a Herald man," said Butler. "He began talking about some new party, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him I didn't think of it; but he kept right on talking, and I knew if I did not stop him there would be a two column interview with me to-morrow, containing what I said. So I told him I had nothing to say."

Butler was kinder to a *Sun* reporter, to whom he denied emphatically the story that he was going to Colorado to live—he neither owned nor expected to own an inch of land there; suppose the story originated from the fact that he loaned money to Colonel Craig on the mortgage of his Colorado ranch. He declined to criticize the President's Southern policy, which ought to have a show, and added, "Let's see what it will do; we can't tell what its effect will be. The murder of Judge Chisholm is connected with the policy only because the people there interpret the President's view of self government as meaning they are to be let entirely alone, and so they commit murders which they would not dare commit if they did not know that the jury that try them will be taken from the mob that commits the crime. But let the policy run awhile. One thing is certain, the Republican party will not suffer, whatever the results. It is silently watching. If it's satisfied that things are going wrong, it will come down with a heavy hand on those who would ruin it. The party is not to be trifled with." Butler scouted the idea that a new party ever would be made out of the Republican party. He also predicted that the President would soon come out in favor of remonetizing silver. Referring to his several former prophesies, which Butler claimed have been fulfilled, he disclaimed taking credit for special foresight, and anybody could foresee them, unless he was such a fool as to go into sheep-farming to become United States Senator.

LOCOMOTIVE REFLECTOR.—We saw the new patent reflector which is attached to the locomotive Inyo, and it certainly is the most unique arrangement ever patented. It is about six inches square and is affixed to the front part of the window of the engineer's cab. As he sits in his place the engineer can see reflected the whole train behind him and also the track; every wheel is plainly visible, and the least break can be discerned instantly. The reflector gives a complete panorama of the whole surrounding country, and by its aid nothing can escape the watchful eye of him who controls the locomotive of the train. The reflector in question was attached to the Inyo as an experiment, and we presume Superintendent Yergering will put them into general use, for it is as complete and useful an invention as we ever saw.—Carson Tribune.

America is willing to furnish Europe with wheat, but no corpses.

A Winking Secretary.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, McCormick, has an affection of the eyelid which causes him to wink involuntarily, and a great flutter has arisen among the female clerks in consequence. One girl, catching the signal of his unwinked eye, rests secure in the belief that no future retrenchment can avail against her; another, noticing the sudden drooping of his eyelid, over his brilliant optic as he speaks to her in stern rebuke for some neglect of duty, awaits an invitation for a drive. The superintendent of some extensive bureau, zealous for reform and promising solemnly that hereafter there shall be no assessments for political purposes, sees with horror the eye of his superior close spasmodically, while a serene smile overspreads the rest of his countenance, and he cheerfully declares that a new era of virtue and capability has dawned in the public service; and when the President or Secretary Sherman speaks to McCormick of retrenchment and non-partisan appointments, that unfortunate eyelid falls in such a way as to startle those pure minded statesmen. There have been many Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury who winked when it was the proper thing to wink, but the advent of a man who merely winks at random, must inevitably lead to unpleasant combinations.—The Argonaut.

CHARLES O'CONNOR.—The following extract is taken from the recent speech of Charles O'Connor before the New York Historical Society: "It is an error quite inconsistent with the theory of government, as inaugurated on our separation from the parent State, to regard the act of voting for public officers as a private right or personal privilege. It is simply the performance of a duty in which the public only has an interest. The vote is no more a private right than the payment of a just tax, or the right of submitting to enrollment as a soldier and marching to confront an assailing foe. These are public duties, not private rights. Every generous and patriotic heart will, indeed, enjoy them all the hardships imposed by it; but the notion of a resulting personal and individual benefit no more applies to the employment of time and labor of the political duty of casting a vote than to the act of pouring out life's current on the field in defense of our country. It follows that requiring specified qualifications in the voter is merely the enactment of exemption from the performance of a public service. Rightly understood, these exemptions should be regarded as relief acts in favor of those who, in the judgment of the State, were unable to sustain the burden, and, therefore, could not be justly charged with it. It is from our failure to realize this manifest truth that we tolerate the pernicious trade of politics in its lowest forms, and do not hold in deep dislike the profession of the party organizer or the pursuits of the habitual office-seekers. * * * The secret ballot is an evil practice; it should have been long since abolished. All voting should be viva voce, and besides announcing his choice the voter should be required to write and subscribe his ticket with his own hand in the presence of the election judges, and to deposit it with them as authentic evidence of his act. Under such regulations public officers might be selected by the intelligent and with intelligence; the falsehood and fraud which now so often characterize the reported results of popular elections would be rendered difficult, if not absolutely impossible."

JOSIE BILLINGS ON PETS.—All pet children are tyrants, and a pet coon wants more kluss watching than a fast deacon dux.

Pet ideas are quite risky, and pet opinions, like second-hand clothing, are worth just what you can get for them.

A pet wife soon grows to be captious, and a pet baby rules the whole household.

A pet horse learns to be frisky, and a pet servant bekums cunning at the expense of his honesty.

Pet friends are the hardest to keep, and when you luge them, change from hunny to gaul, and pets of all kinds are very fastidious.

A pious hen crawled into a Methodist church in Jefferson City, Mo., a week ago Sunday, and laid an egg in the contribution box. While the minister was making an earnest appeal to the congregation for foreign missions, the hen suddenly left her nest, and, presenting herself in the chancel, cackled most energetically. The deacons discovered the egg when they went forward to get the boxes. The pious hen's contribution was adapted to the domestic rather than the foreign fields.

The Dutch tulip show is to be a striking feature in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The King will contribute his best. In the seventeenth century, when the tulip rage dominated Holland, bulbs were regularly quoted on the bourse. An amateur exchanged a brewery, estimated to be worth \$6,000, for a single kind of bulb, which thence got the name of "the brewery."

Beecher is of the opinion that no one can locate heaven within 1,000,000 miles of the right place. Well, the best way is to be looking around for tracks leading that way.

The Farm House on the Hill.

There is a spot to me most dear
Where memory loves to dwell,
An old time scene of long ago
My heart recalls full well—
'Twas there my honest father lived,
His fertile soil to till,
And peace and love dwelt ever in
The farm house on the hill.

No matter where my fancy leads,
Or where my footsteps roam,
Or though equipments choice and rare
Shall cluster round my home;
Though brilliant guests and life and mirth,
Are subjects of my will,
Still backward ever turn I to
The farm house on the hill.

'Twas there our gentle mother made
With her own caring hand,
Our home and homely duties seem
The sweetest in the land—
Her patient smile, her loving voice,
Alas! my eyelids fill,
With knowing they no more can light
The farm house on the hill.

'Twas she who taught her wayward child
To follow wisdom's plan,
That only truth and honesty
Can grace God's image, man—
Again I see her angel face,
Her arms are round me still,
As when she rocked me in that home,
The farm house on the hill—

They say that I am fortunate,
For wealth my labors bless;
They little know it seldom brings
The truest happiness—
Ah! who can find where fashion reigns
Amid her votaries' chills,
The warmth of love that crowned supreme
The farm house on the hill.

A Legend of Donner Lake.

Among the survivors of the Donner party was a girl twelve years of age. After facing the starvation and misery of that memorable winter when they were snowed in at Donner Lake, the few who survived made their way over the mountains. There were no roads, and great and almost insuperable obstacles were encountered by these starving emigrants. At one place a short distance this side of the Summit the wagons had to be hoisted up a very steep place, by ropes attached to a large tamarack. They were assisted at this juncture by a few Washoe Indians, and among the band was a fine looking fellow of about eighteen summers, who was particularly attentive to the party, and after scaling the mountains, offered his services to accompany them, as he was acquainted with the country. Nothing wrong was inferred from the offer, so he was gladly accepted. He not only went with them over the mountain road, but stayed in the neighborhood where the girl was reared for years afterward. He never offered any advances toward her, never offered her an insulting word, and although it was suspected that a strange attachment had sprung up on his part toward the girl, it was passed by unnoticed. When the young woman married, Noyah, the Indian, returned to his old home in the mountains, and the first place he sought was his old familiar hunting grounds by the shore of the high mountain lake. He refused to mix with, or associate with his old companions, although his parents did all in their power to assuage his melancholy feelings; he became gloomy and morose, and spent his nights and days around the shores of the lake, often sleeping on the very spot where the family suffered the privations and agony of that cheerless winter. He soon became an object of curiosity for the neighboring Indians, and his strange conduct attracted the attention of their "medicine man," who advised the tribe that the young brave was bewitched, or possessed of the devil. This was a heinous offense with the tribe, and it decided his fate. One morning he was found dead among the bushes, having been murdered by some of his brethren. He was burned with appropriate ceremonies as was the custom in those days. The story although possessing a semblance of romance was told to us last week while out to the lake, by an intelligent buck, who says it is vouched for among the older members of the tribe. We had known of the fact that a young Indian had guided the party, and report had informed us that his name was "Truckee," after whom the river was named. Other informants say Truckee was the one who guided the Freeman party.—Truckee Republican.

A canary bird, thirty-four years old, blind as a bat and bald as an egg, can split his face down to his shoulders and shriek for three hours without taking breath, in tones that makes the man who owns him wish he knew where he could trade him off for a good three-ply steam whistle.

There is said to be living in Winchester a man who is possessed of such a wonderful memory, that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."

The debt statement shows a reduction of the public debt for May of \$6,981,247. Reduction from July 1, 1876, to June 1, 1877, \$36,062,002.

Gladstone received a flattering ovation at Birmingham, May 31st. He opposes England's zigzag policy in relation to the Eastern war.

Thirteen failures are reported in the London Stock Exchange settlement of June 1st. These settlements occur fortnightly.

The Chisholm massacre is in the hands of Attorney General Devens for investigation.

P. Wales and U. S. Grant took in the races at Epsom, June 1st.

A Favorable Harvest For California.

The crop reports from all parts of the State are most encouraging. Colusa gives much better promise than had been anticipated. Late crops are greatly benefited by the May rains. Yolo is rejoicing. Summer fallowed wheat and barley are being harvested; yield good. The late sown grain is improving daily, and nearly all will yield something. Some volunteer will even be harvested. River lands carry prolific crops, in some cases yielding 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Butte county is certain of a full average crop. The late sown is maturing finely. Wheat harvest has commenced in the upper part of Solano county. Everything carrying three bushels to the acre will be cut, owing to the high prices. The crop varies in Solano, however. The extreme southern part of the county will have a half crop; the eastern portion probably less than a half crop; the northern part will have something over a half crop, while Vacaville, Suisun valley and Green valley will have considerably more than an average crop. Contra Costa county makes a better showing than was early anticipated. The middle and southern sections will reap about an average crop; in the eastern part it is a failure. Siskiyou county will have a larger yield and of better quality, than ever before. Sonoma and Napa will garner full average crops. San Joaquin now anticipates double the crop it did six weeks ago. Thousands of acres of Winter sown wheat then given up as lost will yield from five to ten bushels per acre, which at current prices is equivalent to the larger yield of last season. Irrigated grain is expected to yield from fifty to sixty bushels per acre. Merced county does not report any favorable change from the late rain. Average crops will be reaped east of the Sacramento river, in Tehama county; on the western side a half crop is probable. Calaveras county is certain of a full average, as is also Tuolumne county. The late rains have been very beneficial in Tulare county. Feed of all kinds will be plentiful. Heavy grain crops will be harvested on irrigated and river bottom lands. Fresno will have enough for home consumption. Alfalfa has been a prolific crop. The crops in Kern county are promising. The late rain wet down two inches, and filled the irrigating ditches. Ventura county does not report so favorably. The rain was followed by a drying wind. Wheat and barley will be a light crop; hay and corn will be heavy. Cattle feed is dear, but there will be no loss of stock. Santa Clara county partakes in the general improvement, and anticipates about a two-thirds average crop. The rain did considerable damage in Santa Cruz county. All the heavy grain is down and must be hand cut. The saving in grain by this process should more than cover the extra cost. Los Angeles county reported good wheat prospect; corn will be equal to last season, hay about an average and barley about half a crop. San Bernardino calculates upon more than an average crop. Feed is abundant in the mountains. Santa Barbara county like its neighbor, Ventura, has not been greatly benefited by the late rains, and the crop prospects have not materially changed since last report. In several counties the rain caught the hay unprotected, and did some damage. The loss will be inconsiderable.—S. F. Post.

Odds and Ends.

An elephants trunk is composed of forty thousand muscles.

Some people act in this world as though they believe they can buy reserved seats in the next.

Among the late important state events in Europe are the deaths of Bismarck's dog and the Pope's cat.

A young man in Onondaga county, N. Y., had his teeth extracted to aid him in breaking off the habit of chewing tobacco.

The sanguinary incubation of military despotisms on multitudinous millions of passive and unchronicled serfs presents a sombre canopy.

When the foreman of a composing room knocks a form into "pi" now, he doesn't have it reset as of yore. He simply slaps it into the press as it is and the newspaper is run off with a war map up to the average.

The price of strawberries is gradually coming down, but they are still so high that only editors of newspapers, Niagara Falls hackmen, plumbers and other millionaires can afford to indulge in them often more than twice a day.

A burglar got into William Lloyd Garrison's house the other night and stole \$100 worth of silverware. If William had only sent that \$100 to the poor negro, instead of buying forks and spoons with it, how much better he would feel now.

If you would realize the difference between city and country, you have only to spend a night at some quiet farm house, where the wild, boisterous melody of the nocturnal cat is not heard and the cheerful chirpings of the bald-headed little frogs lull you to sleep.

An illustrated contemporary published last week a picture of an entire herd of Buffalo plunging headlong in terror into the Pecos river. It now transpires that the injudicious exposure of a *Chronicle* war map by a passing traveler was what started the panic.

Jottings.

Times are tough and the bootblacks are carving wood for a living.

"Local Items" is off to the picnic. He'll look like a young pine tree when he gets some evergreen in his hat band. They'll think he's hollow, too, before he leaves the lunch table.

If you want to send the WEEKLY GAZETTE home, say so. Don't go moping around like you were afraid to speak.

Theodore Tilton will be down to-night on the train from Carson, en route for the East.

The County Fathers will assemble on Monday.

Who says Fourth of July?

Peaches, pears and cherries are in sight.

Washoe county is behind about \$800 in its subscription to the Episcopal Seminary. As soon as this sum is paid, Washoe county will have her own approval.

Scott & Park's soiree this evening. Chas. H. Stoddard, an old "quill driver," returned from Tuscarora last night. The restaurants of Tuscarora will lower their rates.

Gray & Isaacs are sole agents in Washoe county for Madame Demorest's celebrated patterns. 3,000 different styles.

The San Francisco Argonaut is opposed to kissing. So are we. Still there are circumstances which might go far in palliation of the offense. We remember once—but never mind that, it was her fault.

Barnett Bros. have a fine stock of ladies' and gents' furnishing goods.

Pat Hogan is giving the Railroad House a thorough overhauling. The bar room will be made much larger than the old one, other rooms will be changed and the general appearance of the hotel improved.

Justice Richardson threatens to have that railing surrounding the seat of Justice repainted. This time some color other than the present one.

Flat car No. 1 and box car No. 2, of the C. P. R., were both in town Thursday.

Jake Becker has added a lodging house to the Sacramento saloon.

No squaw fights to-day; no nothing.

Reno keeps pace with the times. Several "mashers" have arrived in town. They are all "consumers."

An extensive wash-out is reported on the Union Pacific, delaying trains on that road some twenty hours.

Theodore Tilton says that the Californian's prayer runs thusly: "Oh, God! (if there is a God) save my soul (if I have a soul)."

Dr. Flattery, who tarried in Reno and interested several parties in his welfare, has been arrested in San Francisco as a fugitive from justice. He was under bail to appear in Sacramento, but scornful filthy lucre and bail, he adjourned to San Francisco, where he was taken in. "Doc" has a brand new diploma now.

Does true love ever die? Jerry Schooling says not, and acting on this belief last Wednesday at Sacramento married his former wife. May their future be as pleasant and full of conjugal felicity as their present affection is strong and promises to be enduring.

Joe Coleman, who has just returned from a four week's trip to Mono and Inyo counties, California, says that times are very dull in that portion of the State. At Benton, Mono county, however, mining affairs are brightening, and a large quartz mill will soon be erected at this promising mining camp.

Salisbury & Wetherill have a fine lot of raspberries which they sell cheap.

"Doc" Woods of Pyramid is quite sick at the Pollard House.

The case of Truckee Lodge vs. Wood, Richards et als, was yesterday continued until the July term of Court, and the jury dismissed. The reason of the continuance of the case was the insufficient time allowed in which to try it. Court adjourned to Monday, June 11th, at which time the Rover case will be retried.

The railroad tickets used for the picnic excursion to-day were printed by Frank Free's son, of Wadsworth. He is a boy about 13 years old, and the job, which was printed on an amateur press, shows considerable skill for one of his years.

Episcopal Seminary.

Its Prospects—A Suggestion.

Through the exertions of Bishop Whitaker and his able corps of teachers, the "School for Girls" has made for itself an enviable reputation during the first term. The educational and moral tone of the institution is already known and endorsed, and patrons have only to inspect once to see that a model home has been provided in which a thorough christian education may be obtained.

The financial showing is also good, although the institution of course feels the present depression in money matters. The entire indebtedness of the school is \$8,000, which is drawing 1 1/2 per cent. The grounds, building and furniture would of course carry thrice that amount. During this first term the interest has been paid and all expenses kept up, which, considering the times, is certainly a marked success. With better times the school will without doubt strengthen, and throw of this debt, but we are unwilling to see the worthy Bishop wrestle with the burden—as wrestle he will till he overcome it—hence we suggest. What kind of an idea would it be for some of our moneyed men to balance this \$8,000 account? They are the richest men in the world. How would a small "educational deal" suit them? Here is Nevada's only institution, of the higher order, made possible only by strenuous effort and now working slowly, patiently for the honor of Nevada and the education of her children. If any man or set of men want the honor of placing this institution upon a sound basis, \$8,000 will do it, and we want the names. If any of our cotemporaries know whom we are looking for they will please mention it.

Some of the old scholars will not return next term unless "quotations" improve. Nine new applications for admittance have been received, most of these coming from a distance. Miss Dora Chinn, head of the Department of Mathematics, will not be connected with the school next term. After a visit to Oakland the lady will return East. Former pupils and many new formed friends will regret Miss Chinn's departure and wish her all health and happiness in the "school of life."

The new curriculum of study will be taken up at the advent term, commencing August 2nd. Various improvements are going on about the building and grounds.

RAFFLE.—Last night a sewing machine valued at \$100 was disposed of by raffle at Charley Chase's. Forty-one chances were sold and the dice box circulated. Every poor man in town was there trying to make a stake, and we shook once ourselves in hope that luck might console us for the hard times. It was not to be, however; the machine was won by a wealthy blacksmith, M. J. Smith by name, and we don't suppose he will divide. That's the way of the world—water always runs to the ocean. 43 was the best throw.

THE WORST.—A Reno man started up the Geiger grade for Virginia City. Upon reaching the toll house he paid charges, and then taking the wrong road went down the canyon and finally reached Virginia by way of Dayton and Silver City, paying toll again. This man had a reel along with him, and it is supposed wanted to steal the Sutro tunnel. Don't say anything to McBride about it for he knows the man well.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE.—W. S. Bailey, of the California Fruit and Meat Shipping Company, was due in Reno this morning. In conjunction with B. B. Norton he will probably choose a site for the slaughter house. The company have signified their intention of letting contracts for Reno and Winnemucca immediately, and we hope the business may soon get under way.

MONTHLY MEETING.—The Paternal Ancestors of this county will assemble and gather together on Monday next. The illustrious patres will then devise, choose, select, and indicate the route for the Franktown and Virginia road. After which they will, as usual, give ear to the multifarious wants of others, and discharge the debts of this wealthy and thriving shire. A—hem!

ARRIVED.—Tom Thumb and party arrived on the west bound overland this morning, and took passage on the lightning train for Carson. Tom's ponies and carriage were sent on to Dutch Flat. Minnie Warren is with the troupe, which will appear in Reno within a few days.

Tuscarora.

From C. H. Stoddard who returned last evening from Tuscarora, we obtained a few items. Stoddard spent nearly a month in prospecting the district, and gives it as his opinion that Tuscarora is the most promising mining camp in eastern Nevada.

The town of Tuscarora contains a population of about 500. Business of all kinds is greatly overdone.

The Grand Prize is the only paying mine in the district at the present time. The company have a 10-stamp mill in constant operation, and are shipping about \$80,000 in bullion each month. They also have a 20-stamp mill in course of erection, which will be completed about the first of August, and there is no doubt but that there is ore enough already developed in the mine to keep both mills running for the next two years.

Substantial work is being done on many other mines in the district. Among the most prominent may be mentioned the First Extension of the Grand Prize, the De Frees, the Navaho, Hornet, and Ophir.

There are about 75 men employed at Placer mining, a few miles north of the town, who are said to be making good wages.

The district isn't half prospected, and the probabilities are will not be for years to come, as the mineral belt comprises a vast scope of territory. A very large majority of the mines in the district are owned by poor men who are unable to develop them.

There is no demand for laborers, and men hunting employment had better stay away for the present.

Governor Bradley and Professor Stewart are in the District, and are highly pleased with the outlook. They will probably remain some time in that vicinity.

There are now two papers published in the camp—the Times and Review. The former is a weekly, the latter a semi-weekly.

INK SPILLERS.—That party of good-looking men which tarried yesterday with mine host Chamberlain were all editors from Nebraska. We hate to say so, but candor compels us. In fact, you could learn as much by a sight of their diamond studs and opulent behavior. The ruling passion still sways them, and a small paper is issued on the cars as they travel, No. XXX appearing before their arrival in the editor's paradise—Nevada. They liked Reno of course, and said as much, placing it ahead of Omaha in some respects, which burg has 22,000 sinners all told. During their stay here the quill-drivers frequently had grasshoppers in their mouths, talked upon that subject at great length, in fact, telling how the gentle hopper goes forth and multiplies until you can't rest. They are counted by the acre and will devour anything but type. They don't like "pi." Many methods have been devised for murdering the hopper, but none are entirely successful. Some one has recommended swallows, and if any of our readers can spare a swallow or two the editors will take them gladly.

Things are warm in Salt Lake. Orson Pratt, the old man eloquent of the Mormons, wagged his chin at the 68 ink-slingers during their visit. The audience was immense, but none of the party were sealed. They found Young, nephew of Brigham, editing the Tribune and keeping the old gent busy by assaults upon polygamy. Jerome Stillman, correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, is also speaking tenderly of Brigham and his habits, for which courtesy Stillman was assaulted day before yesterday. No damage done. The paper which the Nebraskans publish on the cars is a hopper itself, jumping from place to place. If it would settle down and behave itself we would like to exchange, but we can't encourage its present habits.

The party is 68 in number, and evidently knows what enjoyment means. Like all journalists, they are poor but honest, and we bespeak them courtesy wherever they may go. Home again next week.

PICNICKERS.—Three car loads of linen dusters and suits, tied to huge lunch baskets, left town this morning for Donner Lake. The engineer did not ring his bell, the ringing laughter of belles on board sufficing to drive all intruders from the track. The good-looking men remained in town. (That's us.) The innocents will reach home at 6 p. m. As we go to press we can hear the ladies talking at Verdi.

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A Reading Room attached, furnished with local and Eastern papers and periodicals. 4-1417 HORAN & LEARY, Proprietors.

HAY SCALES.

HAY, GRAIN, HORSES, CATTLE, Logs, sheep, and any kind of live stock accurately weighed, on Fairbank's Best Standard Scales, at LEE'S STABLE, Corner Sierra and Fourth streets, Reno. 5-19-2w

CAUTION RESOLUTION.

RESOLVED—THAT IT BECOMES THE duty of this Grange to notify the public that the so-called "Granger House," in Reno, is not kept by members of the Order, and has no connection with the Order whatever. By Order of Alfalfa Grange, No. 1, F. of H. 5-241m R. C. MCKENNEY, Secy.

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

NURSERIES!

RENO, NEVADA.

THESE are the largest nurseries in the State of Nevada, where is grown every thing in the nursery line adapted to our climate, such as:

APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, PEACHES, CHERRIES, QUINCES, Apricots, Nectarines, Grape Vines, and all Small Fruits, Butternuts, Walnuts, American and Spanish Chestnuts, Hardy Evergreens and Deciduous Ornamental Weeping Trees such as Norway Spruce, American Golden and Siberian Arbor-vitae, Irish Juniper, that beautiful Evergreen ornamental shrub the Rhododendron, English Horse Chestnuts, Silver Maple, Standard and Weeping Mountain Ash, Weeping Willows, A fine assortment of Hybrid China, Tea and Moss Roses.

And many other varieties of trees, shrubs and plants not mentioned. Persons interested in the growing of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, etc., are invited to call and see our Nurseries.

R. P. CHAPIN,

Manager.

Arlington Avenue Nurseries, Reno, Nev.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

CLEOPATRA GOLD AND SILVER MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, Reno, Nevada. Location of works, Poavine Mining District, Washoe county, Nevada. Notice.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held April 10th, 1877, an assessment (No. 9) of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the company's office, at the store of James Toombs & Co., Reno. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid June 10th, 1877, shall be declared delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold July 10th, 1877, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees. 5-1117 W. M. GRIFFIN, Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ORR WATER DITCH COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, Reno, Nevada. Location of works, Washoe county, Nevada. Notice.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 14th, 1877, an assessment (No. 4) of Twenty Dollars (\$20) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the company's office, in Reno. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid June 14th, 1877, will be declared delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold July 14th, 1877, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees. 5-141d R. A. FRAZIER, Secretary.

Great Reduction in Prices

SINGER SEWING MACHINES.

I TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING to the public that I am now authorized by the Singer Manufacturing Co. to sell machines at Twenty-five Per Cent. Reduction from our former prices. Now is your time to buy a first class machine cheap, and on reasonable terms. Agent the Singer Mfg. Co. Reno, Nevada. 5-304f Odd Fellows' Building.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing under the firm name of C. A. Bragg & Co., engaged in the lumber business at Reno, Nevada, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, L. L. Crockett having disposed of his interest to C. A. Bragg; the firm name remaining unchanged. The new firm will pay all outstanding debts against the late firm, and collect all bills due the same. C. A. BRAGG, L. L. CROCKETT, ALLEN C. BRAGG. Reno, June 1st, 1877.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE late firm of Simpson & Osburn are hereby requested to call and settle said accounts with C. W. Jones, within thirty days, and thus save costs of suit. R. S. OSBURN. Reno, May 25, 1877.

For Sale.

A FINE CHICKERING PIANO for sale very cheap. Apply at C. J. Brookins & Co., Virginia Street. 3-17

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,
PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One year, in advance, \$4.00
Six months, " " 2.50
Three months, " " 1.50

YEARLY, QUARTERLY AND MONTHLY ADVERTISEMENTS ACCORDING TO CONTRACT.
Office in McFarlin's building, Sierra Street, north of the Railroad.

AGENTS:

LEO. M. MOTT, is our only authorized Agent at Sacramento. He is empowered to make contracts, collect and receipt for all advertisements from that place, published in the Daily or Weekly GAZETTE.
P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is duly authorized to act as our agent in San Francisco.

Saturday, June 2d, 1877.

Consistency (?)

The Presbyterian General Assembly, now in session at Chicago, are doing some wonderfully charitable things. They would stop the Sunday issue of all daily papers, and preclude all members of that church from owning any stock or property used for secular purposes on Sunday. They also propose to convert the Chinese of the Pacific Coast and China, and to ignore their Southern brethren on political grounds. Altogether, they are a body peculiar, and pharisaically zealous of good works. Last Friday they received a communication from the Presbyterian General Assembly of the Church South. It rehearses the correspondence which has passed between the two assemblies, and concludes that the last document sent in by the Northern assembly is not satisfactory, because it does not allude to the first and main part of the paper adopted by the assembly at Savannah. It says: "Finally, if our brethren of the Northern Church can meet us on the terms proposed in our previous messages, which truth and righteousness seem to us to require, then we are ready to establish such relations with them now." The communication was laid over for future consideration. The grounds of division between these two religious bodies are entirely political. The Methodist church is similarly divided. Northern Christians and Southern Christians, both holding the same tenets of faith, but one Republican and the other Democratic. The Presbyterians and Methodist branches have for several years been remarkably charitable. They have sent fraternal messengers to each other, and each said: "Let us worship God together. We hold to the same doctrine. The nation is once more united; the people of every section are governed by the same President, Congress and judiciary. Politicians have long since met and shaken hands over the bloody chasm. Is it not about time for us, as the meek and lowly followers of Christ, that we should take steps that we mean to carry out and form ourselves into a united society of Christian brethren?" The South Methodists have stood out. They sent messengers but refused to join. The Northern Presbyterians are very fraternal, but lay the proposition for a union of the two branches by until, like Felix, a more convenient season shall appear. At their various houses of worship they appeal to us to lay aside our personal dislikes and differences and come, and with Christ's love and spirit in our hearts, praise God. Yet they refuse to be one body of Christians, although binding to one faith, one Lord and one baptism. Brethren, commence plucking notes out of your eyes.

Project for Restoring Lerdo.

A special from New Orleans says: General Leveaux, agent of President Lerdo, has just arrived here from Matamoros. He says arrangements have been made with the States of Mexico, Sinaloa, Hidalgo, Chihuahua, Jalisco and Tabasco to pronounce for Lerdo, as soon as an attempt is made from this side. General Escobedo is in San Antonio engineering the project. It will be first made as a feat on the Northern Pacific side in Sonora, but the main attempt will be made near Matamoros. It is now stated that there are at least 300 men—deserters from the Mexican army and desperadoes generally—who have already enlisted, and who, it is claimed, as soon as they enter Mexico will be joined by a large number of the army.

300 desperadoes to set up the claims of an ex-President is a feeble inducement for men to turn their allegiance from a popular man already in power. A good, healthy war in Northern Mexico would settle those raids into Texas.

That Mail Route.

We shall still continue to hope that the northeastern counties of California may be provided with adequate mail facilities and to that end shall devote our best efforts. There are three large sections of agricultural territory which should find market for purchase and sale in Reno. Not so much because of inducement in rates to be obtained here, nor by reason of our proximity, but rather because we are the railroad center of the State, and our location with reference to the mountain ranges make us accessible from all directions and at all seasons. There is, however, no one thing which does more to bring us outside trade than the fact that we have unrestricted and swift mail communication in all directions. That one fact makes it natural in view of our central location by rail, for outlying sections to expect through us their news and information from other markets and productive sections. For instance, any known commodity can reach us from the east, west or south; of course we get it from the cheapest point, and hence our quotation shows what this one thing is worth. Now, it is obvious that if the farmer in Surprise Valley knows what we are compelled to pay for flour from time to time he may possibly be able to supply us and thus compete with other markets and keep our money at home. But how is it if the producers of that section never know our quotations until they are two weeks old? It is manifest that such separation from trade centers discourages the production of any surplus and hurts our business.

There can be no doubt that we are sending money to California each year for articles which could be produced in our own section. Why is this? Because we have ready communication with that State and not with the fertile valleys which surround us. Surprise Valley and surrounding country could produce a large surplus yearly if we would take pains to handle it and bring our market nearer the producer. The same may be said of Honey Lake and Indian, Clover, Sierra and American valleys. Honey Lake is not the richest of these sections, and yet we have more traffic from that direction than from all the others. Why? Because we have a regular and accommodating mail line in that direction.

Plumas county wants the same accommodation, and her mines, fertile valleys and timber belts entitle her to our consideration. Travel is increasing in that direction and we believe it will be matter of profit to the man who perseveres in affording to these people adequate mail facilities. What they want is a line which shall be regular, prompt, reliable and accommodating—just as Hammond & Wilson's line is said to be by the people which it serves—and such a line would not be long without a profitable mail contract and would become a prosperous investment for Reno and its owners.

Fourth Annual Fair.

Nevada's Fourth Annual Fair will commence October 15th, and already the officers of the society are beginning to work for the success of the meeting. Circulars are traveling in all directions. The premium list is in the hands of the Secretary, and the speed programme will soon be published. The customary \$10,000 has been guaranteed for the speed ring, \$6,000 of which will be limited to the horses of this section for competition. This change has been effected in satisfaction of a loud demand which was made last year, and it is to be hoped that our horsemen will take advantage of the concession and make the State races interesting and attractive. The intention is no doubt, as formerly, to admit all horses raised East of the summit of the Sierras, and we hope that Plumas, Sierra and Lassen counties will bring in their stock and exhibit. Plumas county stock is rather above the average, as also that of Lassen county, and as the purses will be liberal there should be a large attendance from those sections. We hope to see the product of those counties well represented at the coming fair, and it would be a good opportunity for the farmers to visit us and talk over common wants and necessities. We commend the subject to the consideration of the *Plumas National, Susanville Advocate, Modoc Independent and Bidwell Herald*.

Our Sagebrush.

Many of us old timers who used to ride on mules and pack our household goods over steep trails on pack saddles, still betray no surprise at the arrival of the iron horse and the improvement in our condition, which came with him. The men who built Virginia of cloth tents in 1859, are least affected at the wonders of Con. Virginia and California; and, much in the same way, the men who rode over our sagebrush wastes in those days, are the least benefitted by the established fact of their value. Yet the work of our pioneer farmer has been of hardly less value than that of the miner, while his labors have gained much less recognition. Still, the fact that Nevada soil has strength and extraordinary fertility is attracting much attention, and the foundation of much wealth is to be found in the settlement, here and there, of men who had the faith and perseverance to test our agricultural value.

We believe that if Nevadans could but realize the wealth which clings about the roots of this homely sagebrush, the State would take a mighty stride towards independence and self support. If miners who are hanging about without employment would turn their earnings into sagebrush land, a speedy competence would follow. If the earnings of our people could be directed towards material development we should be less dependent upon the winds of fortune, and should find ourselves producers in the best sense of the word. Capital could find no safer investment and labor no surer reward. There can be no argument against these assertions, and yet our resources only find acknowledgment among visitors from other States and the little knot of farmers which are to-day the most independent class to be found in Nevada. A correspondent of the *S. F. Bulletin* says:

"If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is entitled to praise," the man who demonstrated the capability of Nevada's soil deserves to rank with the great and the good. Unfortunately, the name of this hero is lost to history. He wrought his day and disappeared. We who have lived long in California remember when valleys which now can feed armies were considered valueless, while no possible use could be found for Nevada except to hold the world together. We little thought then that we would see the Golden State the first in the rank of wheat growers; that we would see the bay filled with the fleets engaged in carrying her supplies to hungry Europe, or that a dry year would affect the price in New York and Liverpool. Yet all these are now established facts and new victories lie before the pioneer. It is believed by the best informed that with abundant water to irrigate them, one-half the acres of this so-called desert would produce crops of one kind or another. Great activity is evident all over the country in reclaiming it, and we who saw our grand California grow into her present high state of cultivation, may live to see her young sister blossom with harvests, her valleys full of farms, her hillsides covered with the orchard and the vineyard, her mountains feeding herds of cattle, as well as enriching her citizens with their silver and gold.

The view here taken is not too flattering, since it is endorsed by experience and every observant man who inspects the results of our industry. Colonel Warren, of the *California Farmer*, after giving a few facts as to the profitable nature of our wild lands when under cultivation, gives the following excellent bit of advice:

We hope these facts will open the eyes of scores of persons who are really healthy, honest and industrious, and call their attention to these now waste lands that are destined to become very valuable.

We say to the thousands of now idle young men, who are waiting for something to turn up, go take up some sagebrush land, off coat and go to work, build a log hut, clear the land and become the arbiter of your own fortunes, honestly earned. Young men! workingmen! be brave; go to work! take up land; become producers instead of mere consumers, and you will have the approval of your own consciences and respect yourself.

A wise and judicious cultivation of the sagebrush lands, deep culture and constant culture, will save all cost of irrigation, and the productions will be better. At the present time there is a dependence on the irrigating ditches; these are used on joint account—a kind of mutual insurance company. In coming years, with a better understanding of the soil and plans of cultivation, the kind of crops, etc., these ditches will be less and less used, the same as the windmills and pumps and long line of troughs that were seen among the ranches and gardens of Sacramento, Stockton and other places in the early days, are now all gone. Cultivation succeeds irrigation; knowl-

edge, which is power, takes the place of guesswork. And so it will be among the new comers, and cultivation along the line of the railroads over these now desolate plains, that ere long shall blossom fertile spots, where the hurrying traveler shall swiftly in 1880 fly along at the rate of forty miles per hour on steel rails—and leaving San Francisco on Wednesday morning shall spend his Sabbath in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. Thus we progress.

A SILLY ATTEMPT AT SARCASM.—The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of May 29th publishes a letter from Benj. F. Butler to Marshal Pitkin, of New Orleans, dated Washington, May 20th, which is written in a humorous, sarcastic style, and which while apparently reproaching Pitkin for complaining because the Administration asked his resignation in order to give the place to one Wharton. He goes on to say that this Wharton was the instrument in the hands of Commissioner Wayne McVeigh of bringing over and influencing to the Nicholls Legislature enough men to vote that Nicholls was Governor and to justify the President in withdrawing the troops. He speaks in terms of the highest praise of Pitkin's services, and his devotion to the flag, but, dropping into the sarcastic vein again, beseeches Pitkin not to refuse his resignation, as he has done, and to compel Wharton to put up with the attempt of the Administration to fulfill its share of the bargain, but to resign cheerfully in the interest of peace and conciliation to give the place of a soldier who wore the blue to one who wore the gray, and to do this not kicking and squirming, but peacefully, even as young Isaac did when he lay upon the altar under the knife of his father Abraham. He concludes: "I am sorry I cannot write you any other words of comfort and consolation, but such as I have I give unto you."

Hon. O. C. Pratt has been victimized in New York by two bunko sharps. He only lost \$100 and made the fact known all over the Union. In California and Nevada he has probably lost many times that sum and yet did not squeal. If he does not want to lose his money, the eloquent Orson should not gamble. Coming from San Francisco, he ought to know the ropes better. Were he in California or Nevada and make the pitiable charge that he was roped into the game, everybody would make all manner of sport of him.

The following dispatch was received by Governor Nicholls, of Louisiana, May 24th:

To F. F. Nicholls, Governor: Your telegram of this date in regard to the murder of Laws is just received. Laws was killed Saturday, May 19, in the town of Jackson, at 8 o'clock, by one man, and not a band of men. Our Coroner has made a full investigation. The supposed assassin is now in jail. It is believed a family feud, growing out of a divorce suit now pending between Laws and his wife, caused his death. (Signed) O. McVEA.

Judge of the 5th District, D. J. WEDGE, Parish Attorney.

Sargent and Page are intent upon a malicious prosecution of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The people do not reverse these gentlemen sufficiently to want to pay for their revenge, while the fact that these men have become so violent and revengeful over Pinney's sensation seems to suggest that there may be elements of reform contained therein. Poor business for Senators.

No rest for poor Pinney; his time is divided between reading charges and looking up bail. They are trying to keep him busy, and at the present rate will succeed amply. Pinney is not supported by the people of his State, and we hope they do not idolize his opponents.

A telegram was received in New York Tuesday announcing the loss of the Pacific Mail steamer "City of San Francisco." The Directors of the Company doubt the authenticity of the information and think it a scheme concocted by stock jobbers.

President Hayes is reported to favor the remonetization of the silver dollar, and Secretary Sherman, it is understood, does not necessarily oppose the movement.

Memorial day will be appropriately celebrated in Virginia today, May 30th. The day will also be generally observed in all the larger cities.

Ord has been successful. Mexican outrages on the Texan border must cease, or Uncle Sam will not stop at the Rio Grande.

War Notes.

The elite Turkish generals want to fight.

The Russians have blown up another Monitor on the Danube.

A Vienna special says the proclamation of a holy war looks like yielding to the popular demand, which has been growing louder daily, that the Sultan join the army. The proposal that the Sultan quit Constantinople has raised the question whether it is safe to leave Parliament, which is becoming more and more difficult to manage. It is felt at the Palace that Mukhtar Pasha's incapacity necessitates his recall, yet the first attempt to influence the course of affairs may mature the Porte's resolution to check interference by the prorogation of Parliament at least.

Sir Arnold Kimball, a military attaché, gives a most deplorable account of the condition of the Turkish army in Asia, which he represents as lacking everything an army should have except courage and patience. He anticipates that the Russian army will not encounter serious military resistance in Asia, and that the only difficulties they will have to encounter are those of country and climate.

Turkish sympathizers don't like the removal of Mukhtar Pasha's headquarters to Asiatic Turkey. It looks like the Circassians had not given due support to the Turks.

CORN FOR SEED.—In selecting corn for seed, it is often the practice to merely choose large ears from the general crop. It is suggested that it is not the best method, for, while the plant may be strong and vigorous and bear large ears, the corn may have been fertilized by pollen from feeble or stunted plants near it, and the seed may retain and repeat these adverse qualities in spite of the vigor of the plant on which it grew. It is said that a better plan would be to plant some of the seed in a small plot by itself, at a distance from the main crop, and to give this patch plenty of room and high culture. When the tassels appear in this seed-bed every plant should be examined, and all feeble stalks should be pulled out or cut off below the tassel before it has an opportunity to bloom. By this arrangement both the plant on which the ears grow, and the pollen scattered from its own and neighboring tassels, will be alike strong and vigorous, and the seed will partake of the strength of both its parents.—*Scribner for June*.

ON THE WAR PATH.—The usual quiet village of Carlin was disturbed yesterday by an attempt on the part of a citizen of that place named Eaton to carve his son-in-law, a man named Dean, who was some time since a fireman on the Humboldt Division of the railroad. The affray grew out of a family feud the origin of which dates back several months. Eaton attacked Dean with a butcher knife and inflicted some ugly, but not necessarily fatal, wounds on his legs and sides. The belligerent father-in-law was arrested. This is the first instance that has come within our knowledge of a father-in-law interfering with the domestic affairs of a married child, and it must be more or less consoling to much abused mother-in-laws.—*Silver State, 29th*.

If a person in whom we have been accustomed to place implicit confidence, and who we do not believe to have ever yet deceived us, does so once in the slightest particular by a falsehood, a subterfuge, or even a mere flimsy, the charm is broken forever, and the person seems changed and deteriorated in all they do, even to their personal appearance, the very traits of their countenance, the character of their expression, and the sound of their voice.

Another Indian fight is reported from Tongue River under date of May 7th. The redskins were convicted, losing 450 horses and ponies and 54 lodges with contents.

Gov. Stanford says he can't afford to be U. S. Senator. Some wealthy newspaper man please volunteer.

The fast train has been withdrawn from the Pennsylvania road and the railroad war will end.

The sewing machine monopoly is dead, and now even an editor can give up sewing by hand.

The Storey county public schools will hold their annual picnic at Treadway ranch, June 9th.

Another fool has started across the Atlantic. His name is Crapo, and his boat is 20 feet long.

The Gold Hill News says that Mackey & Fair are doing good work for Nevada.

An extensive attack of aurora borealis now entertains the folks around Albany.

Late News Notes.

Letters from the Black Hills all say, "Don't."

Desperadoes are sprouting in Virginia.

Bismarck dislikes the new French Cabinet.

Stocks are a trifle stouter. Why, and for how long?

William Shear, a pioneer turfman of California, is dead.

Grant is to be honored by the dignitaries of Liverpool.

Theodore Tilton will lecture the Comstockers May 31st.

The Justice has shipped \$149,729 30 during the present month.

The Pioneer Pic-nic will be held at Treadway's ranch, Carson.

German ironclads will take a position in the Mediterranean.

Wells, Fargo & Co., shipped \$558,657.32 from Virginia May 26th.

Another charge of embezzlement against Pinney. He is looking for \$50,000 bail.

For ten months of the fiscal year the excess of exports over imports has been \$157,000,000.

Turkish movements are to be directed by a military counsel. Generals are at a premium.

Several radical journals in Paris have been prosecuted for attacking the laws of public order.

Rarus beat the Maid at Oakland, May 26th. The lady cast a shoe and bled the sports to the tune of 5 to 1.

The "Old Catholic" census in Germany shows the number of adherents to be 53,640, against 49,808 last year.

A Turkish monitor was destroyed with all on board, May 27th. Russian soldiers swam to the boat after nightfall and planted the torpedo.

Cuba says that if political refugees will return to her bosom their property at the time of flight will be restored to them.

Domestic sensations are scarce and hence the news agents in Washington have formed a new party, with Cameron, Banks, Hartranft and others at its head. This!

Page and Sargent are trying to tread on the *Chronicle*. There are some bugs that hang on well, and when they die give off a perfume which follows the slayer. Have a care, gents.

A dispatch from Paris says: President MacMahon, speaking at Compeigne Saturday, said that the recent change of Cabinet officers only assures the stability of the peace of France. He will not mix with outside policies.

The Turks have been out-generated. Mohkhar Pasha is now compelled to fall back to Erzeroum, which means the loss of Kars, the Black Sea coast, and probably Erzeroum itself. Turkish inhabitants will also be compelled to fly or become prisoners.

The Presbyterians propose, in General Assembly, to attack the Chinese and turn them all to Christians. This will be good news to the heathen. It means in their eyes to learn how to read and speak our language, and get \$5 more wages on the score of "me Christian Chinaman."

The Berlin Post, a ministerial organ, continues to comment on the French crisis, and says: France, ruled by the Vatican, is the center of the Papal system which threatens the world's peace, and is preparing a crusade against Germany, for there can be no doubt that the disturbance of peace is inevitable should France continue the course she has now taken.

General Ord is in Washington and wants the Government to act promptly in the suppression of Mexican outrages against settlers of Texas and Arizona. He urges that Diaz cannot claim the usual courtesies for his government. Lerdo still wants to be President. Our government does not believe in the reports of filibustering expeditions bound for Mexico, and will suppress any such illegal movement.

At the closing exercises of the Hampton Normal and Industrial School (colored) Mrs. Hayes, who was one of the committee to award prizes, gave an independent prize of \$5 to a pupil for a composition entitled "A Temperance Story," she deeming this the most meritorious essay, the balance of the committee having decided that the regular prize of \$5 should properly go to another pupil. Mrs. Hayes is decided as well as the President. She backs her opinion by coin.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Spotty's Indictment.

The following is a true copy of bill for indictment of O. A. Spotty, by the Grand Jury of Washoe County: In the District Court, 2d Judicial District, in and for the County of Washoe, State of Nevada. April Term, 1877.

THE STATE OF NEVADA, Plaintiff,
vs.
O. A. SPOTTY, Defendant.

The said O. A. Spotty is accused by the Grand Jury of the County of Washoe, State of Nevada, by this indictment, found this 23d day of May, A. D. Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Seven, of the crime of Wilful and Malicious Mischief, committed as follows: The said O. A. Spotty, on the Lord's Day, May 20th, A. D. 1877, at Reno, County of Washoe, State aforesaid, with malice aforethought, upon his own motion "vi et armis," started unbidden, with great violence, while harnessed and hitched to a light buggy, said buggy being at the time filled with Cain, and said Cain being then and there loaded with ammunition and Blackstone, did then and there unlawfully and knowingly, and with great violence turn said buggy quickly, thereby causing said Cain to go, suddenly, to grass, contrary to his (Cain's) wishes, and contrary to the form, force and effect of the statute in such case made and provided, and the gentle demurrer interposed by said Cain, and glaringly against the peace and dignity of the State of Nevada.

District Attorney.
Witnesses examined:
Wm. Cain, O. L. D. Bobby,
Dr. Johnson.

The defendant has not yet entered his plea. It is presumed by knowing parties that the District Attorney will move to dismiss the case on account of Spotty's inability to put in a respectable appearance in Court. He is liable to be loquacious, and might enter a demurrer which would have to be sustained. Many good citizens believe that District Attorney Cain harbors a spirit of revenge against Spotty, and only awaits the improvement of his rib to carry into effect the fell designs now occupying his mind. T. K. Hymers has been appointed guardian pro tem of Old Arabian Spotty, but Cain will take him in hand in about one week. A doctor and reporter have been summoned as witnesses. Full particulars of the entertainment will be given.

GILDERSLLEEVE DISTANCED.—One Bogardus, surnamed Spider, on Saturday afternoon did meet one unknown party, much under the influence of liquor, about a quarter of a mile above town, on the banks of the noble Truckee, and did then and there shoot with said unknown party at a mark distant 37 yards for the sum of \$10, U. S. gold coin, Martin Saunders and James Unwiler being the impartial judges selected to decide the contest. Bogardus flipped for the first shot and won. As he raised his muzzle-loading rifle, his admiring friends stood back and held their breath, impatiently awaiting the piercing of the bulls-eye by their chieftain. Down went the hammer, and the missile of destruction launched forth, but, to the utter surprise of the large number of spectators, 22 inches estray from the aforesaid central mark. A little confused, our hero of many crack shots took a bead once more, but horrible to relate, the judges said it was 26 inches from center. The third shot, 7 inches; fourth shot, 3½ inches; fifth shot, 3½; sixth and last shot, 7½. But Bogardus had evidently put up a little job on the crowd and Gildersleeve, the said unknown, for when the latter raised and fired his six shots it was found that not one of them had hit even the large board at which he aimed. Bogardus, therefore, won the money, but he was very much disappointed (!) at his poor shooting, and censured in strong terms the powder, etc. Several men laughed their sides sore, and Spider returned home, armed himself with a shot gun, and went forth to massacre a few dozen innocent doves. Gildersleeve was led home and put in the sweat-box.

OPENING DAY.—Messrs. Cohn & Isaacs opened their new clothing establishment, the "Branch White House," last Tuesday morning. The large room in Marshall's new building has been well filled with a fine stock of goods, which we are assured will be disposed of at prices to suit the times. Reno now has three first-class clothing stores.

The picnic season is at its height about San Francisco and Sacramento. We can come nearer sleigh-riding.

MARRIED.—We have thought for some time that by the way Pat Keliher, the genial proprietor of the Sad-dle Rock, was conducting himself that he had serious intentions of taking unto himself a life partner. We were right, for last Monday evening he led a young and beautiful lady to the hymenial altar and had Father Pettit to pronounce the binding ceremony. After the marriage a few friends met the happy couple at Mrs. Fanning's and drank Krug and ate the finest of wedding cake to the long, prosperous and happy life of the newly married pair. Pat is a perfect gentleman, and as honest and industrious as any on this coast. Mrs. Keliher, nee Miss Hanratty, is a beautiful little lady, and is highly thought of by all who know her. We only bespeak the true wish of the many friends of both parties, when we wish that they may live a long, happy and prosperous life.

Miss B. M. Maginnis was bridesmaid and Mr. W. R. Benjamin, groomsmen. The party, except Mr. Benjamin, took the lightning express for Truckee. Mr. Keliher and lady visited a few friends, took a trip to Lake Tahoe and returned home last Thursday night.

COUNTERFEITERS AT WORK.—Tuesday morning a passenger on the East bound emigrant train stepped out of his car and asked a "gentleman" where the Postoffice was. He was escorted very politely to the Postoffice by the capper, and as he was returning to the train the capper said "I want to smoke; let's go in and have a cigar." Both walked into a saloon and were taking cigars, when out rushed a fellow with a bundle of bogus paper money, and almost out of breath asked if he was late for the train, at the same time taking out a \$50 "green-back" to pay the barkeeper for his bill. The saloon keeper said that he did not have the change. But the emigrant had come from California and refused to bite, and didn't bite, but laid down his cigar and walked away to his coach. There are at least three men who have this bogus paper money and attempt to pass it upon those going on the above train, which pulls out of town a few minutes before seven in the morning. It might be well for our citizens to be on their guard and our officers to keep a close watch upon the suspected parties.

LESLIE PARTY.—Frank Leslie and party came down from Virginia City last Tuesday evening and took the eastern bound overland train for their New York home. Among those composing the party are Mr. Frank Leslie and wife, C. B. Hackley and wife, Miss M. A. Godfrey, Miss Davis, W. K. Rice, E. Conklin, W. B. Austin, Harry Ogden and W. K. Yeager. Mr. Leslie and party have made a hurried visit to this coast, but have kept their eyes open, and may tell to the many readers of Leslie's Illustrated News what they have seen of the people, resources, industries, scenery, etc., of Nevada and California. On their arrival in Reno they, like all enterprising newspaper men, took a little stroll around town and saw what was to be seen.

DISTRICT COURT.—Monday afternoon the jury in the case of Jas. Monohan, after being out several hours, returned a verdict of not guilty. Edward Wallace was sentenced Wednesday. A venire for 20 jurors was issued on Monday, and made returnable on Wednesday. There was no regular session of the court Tuesday. Wednesday the case of James Kinkead, assignee of S. S. Watson, vs. Jas. Mayberry, was on trial. The plaintiff in this case sues the defendant for \$3,375, which he alleges said defendant owes to Watson for the cutting and cording of 3,000 cords of wood, and the cutting of 1,000,000 cubic feet of logs, from Sept. '75 to July '76, Watson's bankruptcy dating from July 22d, 1876.

UNPLEASANT RIDING.—A tramp who had ridden on a car brake-beam from Truckee, was driven from his uncomfortable seat Wednesday by a brakeman. The poor fellow was nearly frozen, but when the east-bound emigrant train was moving out of the town he ran underneath the car and got in his old quarters for another ride. The brakeman ran along the side of the car and threw rocks at the wretched man, but still he kept his place and passed out with the train. These fellows endanger their lives by such rides, but poverty will often drive a man to take desperate chances.

CASE OF JESSE L. COOK.—On Tuesday the case of J. L. Cook was called before Justice Richardson. A jury was impaneled and a large number of witnesses examined. A stranger said: "Is that finely dressed, good looking fellow a vagrant?" "Yes; so he is charged." The complaint alleges that he lives in and about a house of ill fame and derives his support therefrom. Vice-District Attorney Julien and Attorney Chas. Queen appeared for the State and Judge Cossitt advocated the innocence of the defendant. From the evidence it appears that Mr. Cook is a musician by profession and has delighted the ears of the "hurdy gurdy" folks with his soothing, melodious strains. He also owns land in Kansas, and tossed upon the table two twenty-dollar gold pieces, "money which I earned by my own hands." He wears a fine broadcloth suit and imperial whiskers, is tall and handsome, and makes money, but desires to leave Reno soon, hence he has engaged himself to work at the Emma mine. Mr. Julien made a short speech, but Mr. Cossitt, the defendant's attorney, made an eloquent and labored address to the jury, complimenting them on their good looks, education and family connections. He also spoke in selected terms of the many virtues of his client and his estimable lady, closing in an eloquent peroration and appealing to the jury to acquit his client and save their country. Chas. Queen, assistant counsel for the State, felt that the occasion demanded a special effort, and rushed to the rostrum. His eye flashed with youthful ardor and his heart beat as one who sought to protect his native place from the deleterious effects of foul moral miasma arising from those whose steps take hold on perdition. Charles made a good speech. The case was given into the hands of the jury, who in a few minutes returned a verdict of guilty. Justice R., with his usual gravity, announced that he would pronounce the judgment of the court at 7 o'clock in the evening. The crowd dispersed and the surprised ones retired for consultation. When the hour of seven arrived, Justice R. removed his beaver, laid aside an old "soldier," and turning his eagle eyes on the prisoner at the bar, said: "When in the course of human events—" Here Barlow said "I object; give us something fresh." A boot black who was impudent enough to laugh at what Barlow said was promptly ejected by Geo. Avery. "Well," continued the Judge, "I'll smother my feelings. J. Cook, I send you up for 35 days," and then the tall man arose and said "not if Cook knows himself. I appeal the case to the District Court. What bonds do you ask?" J. P. replied \$300. Al. White went security, and to-day Jesse Cook follows his profession with a suit for vagrancy pending in the District court.

MANNING'S RESIDENCE.—On Sunday we strolled across the river and up "Rattlesnake Point," to the residence of A. H. Manning. Mr. M. had just moved in and we had a splendid opportunity to see the house unfurnished. We found four large bed rooms and a bath room up stairs. Each bed room has a large closet, gaspipe, and is well lighted and ventilated by windows, and connected with each other by a wide hall. On the first floor is a parlor, sitting room, dining room and kitchen, with pantry, closet and wash room. Just off from the kitchen is a fine summer house, and under the kitchen is a large cellar. The house is Gothic in style and lathed and plastered inside. The location is one of the best in town, and commands a view of the town and valley only exceeded by the Episcopal Seminary.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—Next Monday evening there will be a union temperance meeting held at the Baptist church. Rev. C. H. Pope will deliver a short address on the effect of intemperance on the home circle. Rev. T. J. Arnold will give his views of the deleterious effects of King Alcohol on business. Other speeches will probably be made. There will also be some fine singing of temperance songs. The Good Templars and Champions of the Red Cross will be present and appear in regalia. These temperance folks propose to hold a series of anti-liquor revivals. Monday night the ball opens. May success crown their exertions.

Murphy, the man who committed an assault with intent to kill upon the person of Amos Lee, has left for parts unknown. Hence the postponement of his trial.

Jottings.

Counterfeit silver half dollars and gold two-and-a-half and five-dollar pieces are in circulation. There are a large number of counterfeit half dollars.

The weather improves. We may have some summer weather next month, until which time our clothers will not be very busy.

Dave McFarland has provided the Arcade saloon with a lunch room, and to-day spread an inviting lunch, free to all patrons of the bar. Every day from 11 A. M. until 2 P. M. free lunch may be obtained in the cozy little room.

Mr. J. Prescott is erecting a comfortable house on the north side of Third street, near West.

In another column will be found the delinquent notice of the Buckeye Mining Company.

Our cotem. is threatened with a libel suit from the "boss" at the hurdy-gurdy house. We will "stand in" with you on that score, neighbor. The dance house on Second street is an infernal nuisance, and should be shut up, and if the "boss" kicks up a rumpus she should be shut up herself.

On Sunday evening one of our citizens received an anonymous letter which purported to come from one neither his friend nor his enemy, saying that he had heard a man threaten to take the heart's blood of the party to whom the letter was addressed. The latter party treats the threat with contempt but wishes to have no disturbance with anyone.

The "Old Duffers" will also congregate at Tread's on June 23d.

Mr. McBride, agent for Singer's sewing machines, makes the welcome announcement in another place that he will sell those celebrated machines for 25 per cent. below former rates. Now is your chance to get a good sewing machine cheap.

Alfred Lucas, the innocent, again comes to the front. This time he threatens our friend Tom Lacock through a San Jose lawyer. Tom is resolved not to throw any obstacles in the scoundrel's pathway. Alfred says he will pay Reno a visit in a short time. He has many friends here and will be welcomed. It would be well for him, however, to bring along a thousand or two as bail money. He is a modest man, and may not want to come on that account. Renoites are plain people, and Lamb has plenty of room now in his hotel, so it will not cost honest, modest Alfred anything for board and lodging. Lucas, come to Reno, we long to see you.

Attention is called to the ad. of Mr. Kolster, merchant tailor on Commercial Row, next to the Reno market. Call and examine his cloth and have him make you a good fitting suit.

The Baptist social Tuesday night was a very pleasant affair. On account of the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was not very large, but those who were present had a genial time. The recitation of "Nothing to Wear," by T. Lacock, was warmly applauded.

WHAT THEY PROPOSE DOING.—Mr. Chas. L. Caumann, President of the Emma mining company, and Mr. Mali, one of the mine owners, on Tuesday visited the above mine with the superintendent, Mr. Chas. Bever. They expressed themselves as highly pleased with the prospects and management of the mine. That evening they went to San Francisco, where they will secure the services of a mining expert and return to Reno within a few days and have him thoroughly examine the mine. The company will follow in the main the advice of the expert. The double compartment shaft is down 30 feet below the 150-foot level. The steam water pump for the 150-foot level will be placed in position to-day. The sinking of the shaft will be vigorously pressed forward to the 250-foot level, where a cross cut will be made, intersecting the lode. Mr. Bever thinks that when he gets the new steam pump at work the shaft will be sunk at the rate of two and a half feet per day.

DECORATION DAY.—Tuesday the graves of those who nobly fought to preserve the Union and those who with equal bravery laid down their lives in defense of what they honestly deemed the cause of right, were appropriately decorated with choice flowers.

Hope breaks a sigh, grief drops a tear. These heroes are no more; Faith gently whispers, "Grieve all fear. They're only gone before."

Sagebrush Farms.

In 1868 Mr. Morton, a working pioneer of sagebrush farming, took up a few acres of land, the idea was so ludicrous of farming such lands that the place was called "Starvation Ranch," however we shall see what perseverance will do; Mr. Morton cleaned off a few acres, fenced it, cultivated the land, planted a few potatoes and other vegetables, and next, some alfalfa. In 1869, after thus improving the land, he built a small house, then increased his acres, enlarged his cultivation in alfalfa, hay being the principal crop, and which sells on the spot at \$16 per ton, until he inclosed and owned 160 acres of these sagebrush lands; and today this ranch is worth \$10,000; so much for sagebrush.

Mr. J. C. Smith purchased above Reno a few years since 160 acres of land for \$3,300, and he recently refused \$12,000 for his ranch. His crop of alfalfa gave him eight tons to the acre in a season, and yields him \$128 per acre; pretty good for wild sagebrush pastures.

The Italian ranch, containing 160 acres, five miles above Reno, sold in 1872 for \$500; last year it was sold to E. Edes for \$10,000; principally alfalfa.

To Mr. Irwin Crane at Huffaker belongs the credit of sowing the first alfalfa in this region of country. Mr. Crane makes three crops annually and averages eight tons to the acre.

The following are among the active and industrious farmers of the "Sagebrush Region" in the vicinity of Virginia City and 5 to 15 miles thence to Reno.

M. C. Lake is at Reno, the Huffaker ranch, 3 miles from Reno, J. L. Downs, Mr. Martin, Mr. Burke are at Reno. Mr. Downs, named above, has raised eight tons of fine potatoes to the acre. His common crop is five tons.—California Farmer.

Colonel Warren might have added many others to his list, such as T. W. Norcross, B. B. Norton, Mrs. R. H. Hickman, L. C. Savage, J. Laity, Jas. Gault, Jim Sullivan, J. P. Winfrey, B. G. Clow, H. M. Jamison, A. J. Hatch, R. P. Chapin, Jacob Steiner, and hosts of others whose names do not occur to us. These men have certainly proven the value of sagebrush land.

DISTRICT COURT.—Edward Wallace, the man who a week ago stole Mrs. Jaques' gold watch and chain, was sentenced Wednesday forenoon by Hon. Wright to one year in the State's Prison.

The case of Jas. Kinkead, assignee, vs. Jas. Mayberry was called, when plaintiff made affidavit that one of his most important witnesses was absent and he therefore desired the case continued for the term. The motion of plaintiff was granted, he paying defendant's cost of preparing for suit Wednesday.

By request of Judge Wright and by consent of counsel, Judge D. C. McKenney took the Judge's chair, and the case of the State vs. E. Owens and Jos. Frey was called. Defendant, through counsel, demurred to the Court's jurisdiction. The demurrer was argued Wednesday afternoon.

NEW GATE.—Mr. A. J. Hatch has put in the place of his old farm gate one of J. L. Bryant's self-opening gates. This latter gate is a new invention and is the most perfect automatic gate that we have ever seen. It combines simplicity, cheapness, durability and convenience. It works by a lever and spring. A man drives his team up to the lever arm and without getting down from his seat pulls back the arm and his gate opens and fastens. Driving through to the opposite arm he has only to pull it to him and his gate shuts behind him. The lever works so easily that a boy ten years old may move it. An ordinary farm gate may be put up for \$15, including royalty. Messrs. Wilson and Simon-ton, now stopping at the International Hotel, have the agency for the coast.

DISTRICT COURT.—James Monohan appeared before Judge Wright Monday and attempted to prove that he was not guilty of being an accomplice in the matter of the stealing of a watch and chain from the front room of Mr. Jaques' residence. Ed. Wallace acknowledged that he is the guilty man and had no objections to going to Carson and pounding rocks, but thinks James Monohan an innocent fellow. James looks innocent, so much so that the Judge may not send him for over one year to see Batterman.

W. L. Samuel plead not guilty and demurred to the charge. The Judge couldn't see it in that light and overruled the motion. The day of trial has not been set.

Judge J. F. Lewis, of Virginia City, was in town Wednesday.

Sacramento as a Trade Center

[From the Sacramento Bee.]

Time and again the Bee has contended that Sacramento is the place for interior traders to patronize, because here they can purchase goods far cheaper than they can in San Francisco. The country is awaking to this important fact, and the Nevada Transcript gives the following evidence in support of the position taken by the Bee:

"One of our merchants informed us yesterday that he could buy goods in his line from 10 to 20 per cent. cheaper in Sacramento than he could in San Francisco. There are as large dealers in the former place as in the latter, but of course not so many of them. Yet the Sacramento merchants can, and do sell everything cheaper, because they are not compelled to pay such enormous rents, and other expenses, as the wholesale merchants at the Bay. The current is turning towards Sacramento and in time we believe they can get the bulk of the trade of this county if they pursue the proper course. The merchants generally are more inclined to favor Sacramento than San Francisco, and they should take advantage of this feeling and offer our merchants every inducement they can. We have conversed with a number of men who trade at Sacramento now, and they inform us that the inducements, offered there are far greater than they have received at the Bay. Especially is this the case in the line of hardware, crockery, groceries and provisions, and it may be so in other classes of goods, although we cannot speak as intelligently about it as we can of those we specify. We saw a comparison made the other day between two bills of goods, of the very same kind and brand, one of which was purchased at Sacramento and the other at San Francisco, and they showed a difference of 20 per cent. in favor of Sacramento. This is a very important matter to us, because if our merchants are enabled to make such a great saving as this, the people generally are sure to receive their share of it in buying at retail. Our object in writing this article is to call the attention of retail dealers in this county to the fact that they are really doing an injustice to themselves in buying goods at the Bay, when the same kind can be purchased so much cheaper at Sacramento. Those who do not buy at the latter place will do well to give the merchants there one trial, and we will guarantee they will be very much surprised to see the great difference in prices."

Another important consideration in this connection is not mentioned in the Transcript, and that is, all parties north and east of Sacramento making their purchases in this city save a hundred miles in freight, no trifle in these times.

DEATH IN LIFE.—The most strange occurrence of the times is the death-in-life of Miss Annie Goodale, the actress, who was in Chicago with the Wynclem troupe. It has not yet been mentioned in any of the newspapers. She died three weeks ago. Up to yesterday she was not buried. The corpse is warm and limp, and the features as soft and mobile as when in life. Several doctors have examined her, and have ordered that the body be watched day and night. The poor lady is evidently in a trance, but whether she is destined to come to life or not it is impossible to say. Not long ago a General in France lay in a similar condition for three months, after which time decomposition set in, with every other indication of death and without any token of life all the time save the warmth and flexibility of the body. It is an awful thing to contemplate the possibility that Miss Goodale is at this moment conscious of all that is passing around her, without the power to communicate with her sorrowing friends; for such consciousness is not uncommon in some conditions of catalepsy which paralyzes the body and suspends volition, but leaves the senses untrammelled. Many an unfortunate person has been buried alive in this condition.—London Cor. N. Y. Times.

"Henry V." was played at Atlanta recently, and one fiddle constituted the entire orchestra. "In the furious battle scene," says the Constitution, "his bow slashed across the strings like shining strokes of swords." The climax of the lone orchestra's performance is thus described: "Then when the charge rested and the king stopped for breath, the fiddler stood by his post. The wounded groaned on the A string, begged for water on the E-catgut, and cursed their luck on the G cord. Andante and andagio, piano and pianissimo, all the confused, pathetic and terrible scenes of the fight were produced by the orchestra with painstaking labor, sudorific suffering and sublime skill. He crescendoed on the crescendo with crescendoing crescendo, and diminished on the diminuendo with diminishing diminution."

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday Mr. Madden, one of the contractors of masonry for the new iron bridge, had a narrow escape from a falling rock, which he had taken from a wagon. As it was his left foot was severely but not dangerously hurt.

So infectious was the marriage ceremony of a couple in Kookuk the other day, that the bridesmaid and groomsmen promptly made the preliminary agreement, and were united in wedlock the same evening.

Editorial and Local Matters.

A Dispassionate Review.

The Virginia Chronicle of last evening has an editorial column under this head, and it is written in a very passionate key. The article in question merely shows what violent hatred hovers about party lines, and how impossible it is for a rabid partisan to make dispassionate reviews. The first dispassionate statement tells us that the Republican party has outlived its usefulness. Then how about Democracy? Has not the first been a constant foil and opposite to the latter? How, then, can one die, except the issues be settled—and, if this be so, are the two old parties not equally useless?

Is it dispassionate, or truth, to hold that Democracy embraces every permanent principle of abiding government? If so, then there was never any necessity for a second party, and Republican success only means retrogression. This is certainly not the case as shown by experience, and with history to advise, this dispassionate reviewer should at least grant half of our political virtue and honor to Republicans.

A dispassionate review of Southern outrages, reveals to the Chronicle the fact that Republicans are alone to blame. Carpet-baggers, supported by "the armies of the United States," have robbed, taxed, murdered, &c., &c., while the dispassionate eye could detect no Democratic enormity. The review of such persistent and uniform Democratic virtue, must be exceedingly grateful to a dispassionate man, while the mountains of Republican sin which dot this fair plain are very unpleasant to look upon.

But now comes some Republican reviewer. Butler, for instance, whose political opinion outranks the Chronicle, and he turns the tables completely. Lo! The virtuous plain is now Republican, and the sinful mountains Democratic. Whose map shall we take? Well, we are inclined to say neither. A strong influence has been sent forth from the White House which inclines men towards honesty. And the sad truth is coming home, that rabid partisans don't deal in veracity, except when advisable. The Chronicle, in advising the burial of Republicanism, must argue the same lifeless condition for its opponent. In claiming each Southern outrage as a Republican enormity, the Chronicle shows that it is a violent, unreasoning partisan. In attempting dispassionate reviews, and indulging a coarse abuse of President Hayes, we find proof of the facts that passion is necessary for the existence of a good Democrat, and that a political millennium would promote some men who were not Democrats.

Civil Service.

The collection of revenues should be free from partisan control, and organized on a strictly business basis, with the same guarantees for efficiency and fidelity in the selection of chief and subordinate officers that would be required by a prudent merchant. Party leaders should have no more influence in appointments than other equally respectable citizens. No assessments for political purposes of officers or subordinates should be allowed; no useless officer or employee should be retained; no officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns.—President Hayes.

There is certainly something very sensible and earnest about this man whom we have named Chief Magistrate. There is certainly a quiet, comprehensive view of true reform in every official act. There is certainly firm and unyielding devotion to the cause, and no man can doubt its effect if successful. President Hayes has undertaken a giant's task in trying to clear away partisan and political rubbish from the mere business of our government. He seeks to make our financial outlook depend upon the honesty and competency of our best business men. Where else should it rest? He seeks to limit political disputes and influences to their proper functions in expressing the will of the people, instead of allowing them to defeat that will, after it is expressed. Radicals say they will applaud if he succeed. Democrats say he is President *de facto*, and we say that he will succeed, and that he is President by the laws of honesty and patriotism, which assure to every good citizen the support of men who love their country.

John McCullough passed west on the overland Wednesday evening.

Hon. John Lathrop Motley.

Hon. John L. Motley, the first of American historians, died in London May 29th. The respected dead was in the best sense an American citizen, and through the labors of a sound and cultured mind, gained the respect and acknowledgment of the Republic of letters. Mr. Motley was born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1814, graduated at Harvard in 1831, and, after a European tour, was admitted to the bar in 1836. He was at different times Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, Minister to Vienna, and Minister to England, proving himself a diplomat of rare power and judgment. But the earnest student and lover of knowledge was never merged into the politician; and Mr. Motley, with his mind well stored by travel and research, withdrew from the noisy contest for individual preferment and devoted a life to literary pursuits. He recognized the highest power of knowledge, and instead of exercising it upon men for his own advancement, pursued the threads of history and philosophy to their source and handed to the world the results of his labors. There is an unselfish element in the life of such an author which assures its worth. The slight recognition given to his work by men could never satisfy, but the consciousness that truths have been translated, the lessons of experience brought home, and progressive thoughts given to man can nerve a cultured mind and reward a studious life. This was the reward of Motley's life, and its results we have in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "Life and Death of John of Barneveld." These are his monuments and they will preserve his memory as an earnest citizen, an honor to America and useful to all the world.

More Reform.

And now from the hub, the very center of all things, comes Dr. Wm. F. Warren with a solution of our troubles all prepared. He claims every citizen's right in having a plan for the support of Government, and this is what he has to offer: Dr. Warren wants us to abolish compulsory taxation and rely for the support of Government upon free offerings from the citizens. This Dr. from Utopia thinks in a free Government the State ought to rest upon free offerings. He has evidently been closeted with his idea for some time, and created for himself the unnecessary argument which can not come from fact. He is one of our philosophers who claims that his theory fits the world, but inquiry proves that in his own way he has clipped the world to fit his theory.

The principal injustice in our present system is owing to a slight concession in the direction whither Dr. Warren would lead us. Wealth has more influence upon Assessors than poverty, hence can make its own values. It is notorious that the rich are constantly trying to evade taxation, and when Dr. Warren took away the compulsion how much taxes would we pay? How much tax would the scoundrel pay for the support of laws which he wished to weaken?

There may possibly be a political Arcadia where Dr. Warren from Boston can sun himself in the light of perfection, but he has not yet found it. There may possibly be some valuable thoughts in his mind upon the subject of taxation but he has not shaped them yet.

The State University.

The Elko Post notes that the trees and alfalfa of the University grounds are doing exceedingly well. The dormitory has been furnished lately throughout, and things in general are in good shape. An increased number of pupils can be accommodated at the next term. The University ought to be the pride of the whole State, and especially of the Great East.

Yes, it ought to be, but is it? We are all willing to be proud of the alfalfa and even of the dormitory, but what else? Yes, there are other things: we are proud of the men who planned it, and especially of those who built the dormitories. We have about given up the old ideas in regard to universities, and begin to see that the principal thing is, after all, the dormitory. This must be the case, indeed, because we in Nevada have never been called upon to admire anything else. Let us be proud, then, of the alfalfa and the dormitory. It is our duty, let us perform it cheerfully.

N. J. Foxwell says times are not very lively just now in Crystal Peak.

Business.

Through various sources come reports of a slow revival and evident strengthening of business tone throughout the country. Our western coast is of course looking to the stock market to repair injuries done, and the slightest tendency in that direction loosens purse strings, and conduces to a better feeling. That the people at large have been very imprudent is sufficiently proven by the present depression, and it is to be hoped that when they once escape from the vice, that prudence will prevent a recurrence of those misfortunes. Still, the fact remains that our business men look to the Stock Exchange for encouragement and help, and as we may safely calculate upon reaction, and strongly maintain that our mines have not changed, we may hope for the desired help and a return of confidence. The Commercial Herald, the leading organ of San Francisco merchants, says:

"Stock dealing has been participated in by so large a portion of the community that the slightest upward tendency from the exceedingly depressed state of the market is hailed with cheerful and hopeful countenances, and it is surprising to note the improved effect it has on business generally."

If the present firm tone be continued for a short time, the effect will be still more surprising. Meanwhile, the weather has been very favorable to California's crops, and with the prices which now rule, the farmers will be prosperous, notwithstanding the season. Certain sections, of course, will suffer, but the general outlook is good. There is no reason why the development and settlement of the country should not go on as before, and it is only necessary that we learn prudence and economy from our unhappy experiences.

In the East the principal difficulty seems to be the gradual change in the circulating medium. Financiers are groping about for laws which shall govern the matter, while the probability says there are too many laws now. The general prosperity of the nation could hardly be better. The public debt has decreased \$36,000,000 since July 1st, 1876. For the fiscal year ending June, 1876, the balance in trade and merchandise was in favor of the United States to the amount of nearly \$80,000,000 specie. The value of this amount has been nearly doubled during the three-quarters of the present year. If the present very flattering prospects are fulfilled for the remainder of the present fiscal year, it is hoped that the balance in merchandise will not be short of \$200,000,000 in specie value in favor of the United States, and that we will have received from abroad probably from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000. This showing has never been excelled, and goes far towards ensuring the future, with proper prudence and energy. If certain classes or sections have made mistakes, let them commence again with courage and experience. The day's work will still be rewarded, and frugality will still earn a competence.

Misunderstood.

The Reno Gazette, in commenting on our article regarding the exorbitant rates charged by the Virginia and Truckee railroad, says: "The old rates, \$9 per M feet, made the cost of a car load of dry lumber \$72. The same lumber now costs \$60 per car," very true, but are you not aware that nearly all the lumber shipped is mining timbers, sawed as ordered, perfectly green, and weighing like lead? The managers of that road well knew this, and they further know that thirty cents per hundred pounds will bring them larger revenues than \$9 per M. Never mind, the Doan wagons are a grand success, and time will show whether we pay \$11 per M or not.—Truckee Republican.

We state, for the benefit of the Republican, that we have received our information from those who should know, still we confess that our neighbor has better facilities for getting at the truth. We hope that the Doan wagons or any other project which will benefit Truckee mill men, may meet with success, for we have long known that they were in reality shut out of the market. What we stated came from a good source, and we made the correction, not because we favor discrimination or monopoly by any means, but because we do not believe in senseless abuse. As a case in point, we do not join in the unjust impeachment of mine managers, but we do believe that in discriminating for individuals and companies, the people's money has been wasted and rank injustice done in some instances.

This item of discriminating against Truckee and fixing the source of timber supplies for the Comstock, has been one of the greatest. Such schemes we do not support, and although we are anxious to give praise where it is due, the Republican can, by giving its figures, easily prevent us from crediting generosity which has not been shown.

We look forward to the day when, with improved facilities, honest men may be admitted upon equal terms to competition in our markets. A day which has certainly not arrived yet.

The Auburn Mill.

The Stamps Going.—Pyramid to be Tested.

We paid a visit Wednesday to the Auburn Mill, and found the stamps at work and every portion of the mill getting under way after its long rest. George Alt of the Monarch Company is superintending things at the mill, and has four men in his employ. The machinery is generally in good order, but some little use is necessary in order that it shall work to perfect satisfaction. The Steadfield furnace, than which there is no better, is in good order, and will, it is thought, accomplish the work of reduction without the least trouble. The mill has been put in operation by the Monarch Company in order to thoroughly test the ore which has been discovered at Pyramid. The company have reason to expect a much better character of ore than that which they are crushing—indeed, such ore has already been discovered—but a fair trial of the ore now found will do much towards establishing beyond doubt the worth of the new district. After a preliminary run, to get the mill in order, and repair any portions which may have fallen into disuse, the mill will be run upon ore from the Butcher & Mayberry claim, which ore is of a very good quality. The process is easily described: Ore is mixed with salt and crushed. It is then carried by an elevator to the top of the furnace, where it is sifted by a wire screen into the furnace below, from whence it is removed to the pans. Parties interested should know that the ore crushed is not absolutely the best which Pyramid can offer, but the experiment will no doubt show the valuable character of this rock, which is found near the surface. If it prove profitable to crush this character of ore, the mill will run regularly and can get all the ore necessary. In such an event, regular bullion shipments would ensue, and the development of Pyramid be an easy matter. If otherwise, then we must attain a lower depth, for the metal is there without doubt, and Jones, Alt, Savage and others mean to have it.

NOT A BAD SHOWING.—The receipts for the sale of tickets at the C. P. R. R. office for the past month amount to \$18,040.

The receipts at the freight office for the same time are \$56,000 coin and \$28,000 currency.

The returns from both offices are light for this time of the year, especially is this true of the freight receipts. These returns are, however, far in advance of those from much larger offices of the same road in California, as for instance the freight receipts of the C. P. R. R. at Stockton for the month of April, were \$40,000. Stockton has a population of 15,000 and is situated in a rich agricultural region. Reno has a population of 8,000 and is the center of a comparatively small agricultural and mining section.

THE EMMA.—Work is still going forward at the Emma and the company will give a thorough test to the value of the mine. Messrs. J. J. Jackson and A. J. Law yesterday visited the mine and inspected it thoroughly. Mr. Jackson, who is Superintendent of the North Con. Va., approves of the character of work being done, and after thorough inspection does not hesitate to pronounce the Emma a good mine. Hang on, Peavine, Peaville may yet earn the name of "city."

EDITORIAL VISIT.—Thursday night the west-bound overland left with the following quill drivers: G. W. Greene, Omaha Republican; P. H. Shevlin, Omaha Herald; D. C. McKillip, Lincoln Journal; Chas. L. Bunce, Journal of Commerce; Dr. H. Bloque, Freie Presse; and Thos. A. Healy, Seward County Reporter. These gentlemen went to Virginia City yesterday where they will remain for two days and then return East.

How KIND.—The managers of the V. & T. R. R. have changed the rates on lumber from \$9 a thousand feet to thirty cents a hundred pounds, which is equal to about \$11 a thousand feet. This they claim is for the interests of the lumbermen on the Truckee. Are they not exceeding kind? We thank the generous and liberal owners of that line, and trust that it will not be long before some enterprising firm will have a string of Doan's road wagons between Reno and Virginia, which will bring their generosity to the proper level, and compel them to carry lumber so that our millmen can make living profits.—Truckee Republican.

The above also appeared in the Journal Thursday morning. Instead of raising the price of shipping lumber the V. & T. have made a reduction in the freight charge on that article. The old rates, \$9 per thousand feet, made the cost of a car load of dry lumber \$72. The same amount of lumber, which weighs about 20,000 pounds, now costs the millmen \$60 a car load. Hence, a reduction in the price of \$12 per car load, or \$1.33½ on 1000 feet of lumber. Every 100 pounds in excess of 22,000 pounds to the car costs 50 cents, the same as before. The change in prices will take effect June 1st. No one will, however, prevent Doan from hauling lumber with his steam wagons. We believe, with the Republican, that the rates are too high, and think that the V. & T. R. R. company could easily make a further reduction, say to \$5 per thousand or 20 cents per one hundred pounds.

DISTRICT COURT.—The case of Truckee Lodge No. 14, I. O. O. F. vs. Ben. Wood, E. S. Richards and sureties, was called Friday in the District Court. A jury was soon secured and allegations and counter allegations read. The building committee of the lodge charge defendants with not having fulfilled their contracts according to specifications, alterations and in reference to time. For such violation of agreement on the part of defendants the plaintiffs in the above action allege that Truckee Lodge has sustained damages to the amount of \$5,234.21, and to obtain said damages they institute legal action; also, that said contractors, Wood and Richards, further refuse to comply with their contract in leaving uncompleted certain specified parts thereof. Defendants allege in reply that they have fully complied with all the terms of the contract as per agreement, and that the cause of delay in the completion of the Odd Fellows' building is alone attributable to negligence and frequent changes of plan and delay in furnishing material by the building committee; and for this extra work and material said defendants claim that the lodge owes them \$4,704. Defendants further allege that said complainants are not the proper and lawful authorities to enter said complaint. Contractors sureties are C. A. Bragg, L. L. Crockett, A. C. Bragg and J. C. Hagerman.

NEW REGULATIONS.—Hereafter the pay car of the Central Pacific Railroad Company will be run but six hours a day, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and will side-track at the end of the six hours. This will make it much easier for the engineer and fireman than formerly, but why the change has been made we are not informed. Heretofore the pay car was run at the rate of 30, 40 and 50 miles an hour, according to the road. To make the trip to Ogden and return, under the new rules, will require a much longer time than it used to.

FEMALE SEMINARY.—Notwithstanding the hard times, the prospects of Nevada's first educational institution are good. New scholars are already promised from different parts of the State, and already the fame of the school has reached Idaho and adjacent parts of California, communications having been received from those quarters asking for particulars. The school is one of which any State might be proud, and we can not doubt that parents will give to it a generous support.

Who says the Comstock is played out? Thursday night's train from Virginia brought down 67 bars of bullion from the California mine, valued at \$270,716, and 50 bars from the Consolidated Virginia, valued at \$211,652, a total of 117 bars, the value of which being nearly a half million dollars.

Sulphur from the mines in Humboldt county is shipped thence to San Francisco in considerable quantities.—Exchange.

Where are our sulphur mines near Steamboat? Why can't we ship sulphur as well as Winnemucca?

Pyramid.

The experiment of crushing Pyramid ore at the Auburn mill goes forward bravely and with cheering prospects of success. The Monarch ore is about run through, and Friday a sample from the Hidden Treasure will be reduced. The Monarch rock which is from the surface is surpassing all expectation. From the first fifteen hundred pounds of rock a comfortable little wad of amalgam, weighing 25 pounds, has resulted and since that time as much more has been formed. The surface ore tested may be expected to go from \$50 to \$75, and taking into consideration that there is plenty of such rock in the district, the result must certainly be good enough for anybody.

The Hidden Treasure ore is now going through the stamps and accumulating at the top of the furnace. When the Monarch vacated the furnace—on Friday afternoon—a clean up took place and the Hidden Treasure ore was passed on into the furnace. The Monarch amalgam, which is pronounced by Assayer Carlson to be of good quality, will probably take the form of bullion by Monday next and then we shall know the exact result. After the Hidden Treasure, ore from the Butcher & Mayberry claim will be tried. This ore assays well and we think will yield readily to the Steadfield furnace. There is enough surface ore in Pyramid for quite an extended run and to ensure the work of development going forward.

Should the Monarch run prove as profitable as may now be predicted, the question of Pyramid's future is settled. Hurrah for the new camp, say we, and may the men who have done the work and shown the pluck reap their just reward.

ANNIVERSARY.—One year ago to-night the famous Jarrett & Palmer lightning train passed through Reno, and wasn't long about it either. They made the trip from New York to San Francisco in 82 hours and 15 minutes. Since that time there has been much said in regard to what could be done in the way of fast traveling, but nothing has yet been accomplished that can excel or equal the time made by this train. It was a quarter after 12 when she passed here, but notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, most of our inhabitants were up to see it. Sam Jenkins, who runs engine 181, on the C. P. lightning train, steered the fast engine from Wadsworth to Truckee, and passed Reno at the rate of 50 miles an hour. He informs us that the locomotive used (149), has remained idle at Wadsworth ever since.

CON. POE MILL ATTACHED.—The Con. Poe Company have attached their mill which they recently leased to Ferguson & O'Hara. The trouble seems that the latter parties have not delivered the receipts from the mill to the company's assignee, Jas. Kinkadee, but have taken more than their share of the proceeds of the milling to pay the company's indebtedness to them. The terms of the agreement were, that the proceeds of the mine should go to Kinkadee, to be by him distributed pro rata among the creditors until the company's indebtedness should be paid. The matter will soon be straightened and the mill start up in a few days.

ARRESTED.—Wednesday afternoon officer Barlow arrested Frank Wooten at Franktown on the complaint of M. C. Lake. Wooten is charged with having broke the water pipes supplying the Bowers Mansion with water. He was taken before Justice Harcourt at Franktown and gave \$200 bonds for his appearance before Justice Richardson next Wednesday.

PANDEMONIUM HEARD FROM.—We found four Chinese Thursday vainly attempting to make music out of a gong, large and small tea-jar covered with rawhide, and a set of huge cymbals. We understand that they were practicing for a Chinese concert or opera entertainment. The only wonder in our mind was that they could endure their own horrible noise.

UNSEEMLY.—A. D. H., a sheep herder, Thursday night took aboard too much alcohol and drugs, and was soon in a condition not to appear in select society. Barlow took him into custody, allowed him to remain overnight in the "sweat box," and Friday morning introduced him to Justice R. As it was his first offense Richardson fined him \$15, which sum A. D. H. finally procured.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Here and There.

O blest is youth with the brow of Helen,
The mouth where Lalage's kisses cleave!
O fair is the lovely world to dwell in—
Fair to dwell in and fair to leave!

Sweet, sweet the years when a baby's laughter
Fills with music the dying day!
And passionate yearnings go trembling after
The rosy flame in that fragile clay.

Delicious life! But when death shall capture
Soul and sense from its broken bars,
Dearest that hour whose budding rapture
Gives us the freedom of the stars!
—[Harper's Bazar.]

Hard Times.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If thou but hadst the dime;
But purse short and slim as thine
Won't do for these hard times.
I leave thee in thy wretchedness,
As one too poor to mate;
For love, you know, can only bless
When based on real estate.

A Raffle for Freedom.

We translate from a German sketch of American travel the subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steamboat a short time before the war.

I ascended the Mississippi, says the writer, on a steamer on board of which were Judge J. and General K. of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

"A hard set, these Natchez men," said the Captain, who met us on the cabin stairs. "There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools, I could never see."

"Let's go down and look on awhile," suggested the Judge.

In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators was gathered. The four were the "heavy players."

The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long, when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who I learned was a cotton planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists. The latter showed four kings, while he had only four queens. He was "cleaned out," and rose as though he were going to leave the table.

"Are you broke, colonel," asked one of the men.

"Dead!" was the laconic reply.

"Never mind; I'll lend you."

"No; I can make a raise, I reckon. Here, Pomp!"

"Here, massa!" responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon.

"Bring that girl and her youngster here, that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentleman; I'll raise some money."

The old negro went on his errand, and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The "girl" proved to be a stately mulatto woman about thirty-five years old. Her "youngster" was a fine, intelligent-looking boy eleven or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than the black.

"Here, gentleman," said the planter, as they entered, "you see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give me six hundred for them?"

"Will you sell them separate?" asked some one.

"No, can't do it; I promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she is separated from her boy, and her old master said that he was sure she'd keep her word. But don't you all see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, who'll give me six hundred for both?"

The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said:

"Well, I must have some money. Come, what say you to a raffle—thirty chances at twenty dollars a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw!"

This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players at the table left off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself now took two chances, and he was followed by his three fellow-players, who each took one chance more. Finally three more chances were taken by the spectators, when the planter cried out:

"Two chances still, gentlemen! Who will have them?"

General K.——whispered something in Judge J.——'s ear, and then went to the table and laid two ten-dollar gold pieces on it.

"Name, sir, please?"

"Never mind the name. Put it down for the woman."

"Eh—what! for the girl herself?"

"Yes, certainly; let's give her a chance."

"All right. One for Ninette. And now—"

"That's for the boy," said Judge J.——, quietly, as he laid twenty dollars on the table.

"Good! bravo! bravo!" cried the planter and several of the bystanders. "One for Tommy, which makes the thirty. Now, gentlemen, let's see whom luck favors."

The dice were brought and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the holder to three throws.

Thirty-six was the highest thrown until the holder of the eleventh chance

threw. He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown, until number twenty-one scored forty-nine.

The excitement now became intense. Forty-nine was hard to beat; the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty-four.

Again and again the dice rattled in the box, until it came to number twenty-nine.

"Come, Ninette; it's your turn now."

As the poor woman came forward, her hands crossed and pressed convulsively against her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation.

"Won't the gentleman who took the chance for me please throw!" she asked in a low, tremulous tone.

"No! let your boy throw," replied the General; "perhaps he would have more luck than I."

"Come, Tom," said the planter.

Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen leaf, but shook the dice and threw—three!

For a moment he stared at the dice as though he could not believe his eyes, then he put down the box and stepped back, pale and dejected.

"Come, Tommy, throw again," urged the planter.

"It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now."

"True! true! But you have your own chance. Throw that."

"Certainly," said Judge J.——, "that one was your mother's. Now throw for yourself, on the chance I gave you. Have a stout heart my boy, and may Heaven smile on you!"

Again the boy returned to the table and took up the box. He pressed his lips together and did his best to control his trembling limbs. Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice. For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath.

He threw.

"Two fives and six—sixteen!" said the planter, putting down the number, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

One of the bystanders gathered up the dice and put them in the box, and the boy threw again.

"Two sixes and a five—seventeen!"

The excitement now knew no bounds, and the "bravos," resounded on every hand. The boy, as he took up the box to throw for the third and last time, was as nearly colorless as it was possible for him to be with his yellow skin.

Out rolled the dice, and up came three sixes, which made fifty-one!

"Tommy, my boy, I congratulate you!" cried the planter. "You are your own and your mother's master! Fill up the necessary papers, Captain, and I will sign them. These gentlemen will be the witnesses!"

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. In the general satisfaction, one of the roughest-looking men in the crowd proposed a subscription for the freed negroes. The proposition was received with such favor that in less than five minutes fifty dollars were collected.—*Appleton's Journal for June.*

A RICH HAUL.—*Silver State:* Last week a skiff belonging to Charles Kessler was stolen, and it was surmised that the men who had taken it started down the Humboldt on a voyage to the Onida mill, at the foot of the lake. Sheriff Kyle being of that opinion, started down the railroad Saturday in search of the missing craft and its crew. At the Humboldt House, he heard of the voyagers, and, accompanied by Charley Wright, A. L. Hurd, Elias Jones, and other residents of that place, whose names we did not learn, proceeded to the river, having ascertained that the boat with a well armed crew had passed there. About ten miles below Humboldt House they discovered the boat, and its crew having landed to cook and sleep on shore, they concluded to watch and wait until morning. Having spent a cold, sleepless night in the sage brush, they surrounded the boatmen's camp at daylight yesterday morning, and although the besieged were well armed, they made no resistance and surrendered immediately, and with their booty were taken to the railroad and brought here on the express train. Two of the prisoners are Americans and one a Mexican. They had several pairs of new boots and two or three new suits of clothes, a double barreled shot gun, Henry rifle and revolver, besides provisions, cooking utensils, blankets and other articles. The articles were stored in the Court House to await identification, and the prisoners locked in jail to await examination.

TOO SOFT OR TOO HARD.—President Hayes says his present embarrassment reminds him of Mrs. Hayes' dilemma when she first went to house keeping. There was a large family of them, and when the eggs were brought in to breakfast, one member complained that they were boiled too hard, another that they were boiled too soft, and another that they ought only to be warmed through. This thing went on for several days, till at last Mrs. Hayes got tired, and summoning the farm boy, said: "John, we've had enough eggs this season; set the hens."

"Now," said the President, "that's just the way with my policy; it's too hard for some, too soft for others, and what bothers me is how to set the hens."

Always speak well of the dead, and once in a while a good word for the living, if you have the time.

The Bullion Tax.

Decision of the United States Supreme Court.

The telegraph lately announced that the Supreme Court of the United States had rendered a decision affirming the right of the State of Nevada to levy and collect taxes on the proceeds of mines. The case was appealed by a stockholder (Forbes) of the Con. Virginia from the U. S. Circuit Court for the District of Nevada. Justice Miller delivered the opinion of the Court:

This was a suit brought by appellant to enjoin the collector of taxes for Storey county, Nevada, from collecting a tax imposed by the law of that State upon the property of the Consolidated Virginia Mining Company, the appellant being a stockholder in the company and an alien subject of the Queen of Great Britain. The tax is by the State statute imposed upon the proceeds of the mine worked by the corporation, and is resisted on the ground that title to the land from which the mineral is taken is in the United States, and is not for that reason liable to State taxation.

Congress has, by statutes and tacit consent, permitted individuals and corporations to dig out and convert to their own use the ores containing the precious metals found in the lands belonging to the Government, without exacting any compensation for those ores, and without requiring the miner to buy or pay for the land. It has gone further, and recognized the possessory rights of these miners as ascertained among themselves by the rules which have become the laws of the mining districts as regards mining claims. But in doing this it has not parted with the title to the land, except in cases where the land has been sold. If the tax of the State is levied on this property right of the United States, we are bound to hold that it is void. If it is levied on property of the miner, and may be collected without embarrassing the title of the United States to its property, then there is no ground for interference in its collection.

2. It is the ore after it has been separated from the bed in which it is found, and its proceeds and products, which are taxed, and not the ore or mineral in the earth. When this ore becomes detached from the soil in which it is embedded, it becomes personal property, the ownership of which is in the man whose labor, capital and skill has discovered and developed the mine and extracted the ore. It is then free from any lien, claim or title of the United States, and is rightfully subject to taxation by the State as any other personal property is.

3. In regard to the taxing of this personal property, and the mode of collecting it by sale, it does not appear that the United States has any interest in the tax, or in the sale of the property taxed. The law of Nevada which makes this tax "a lien on the mines or mining claims from which the ores or minerals bearing gold or silver are extracted for reduction," does not interfere with the right of property of the Government in the lands in which the mineral remains are extracted.

4. The words "mines or mining claims" distinguish between the cases in which the miner is the owner of the soil, and therefore has perfect title to the mine, and those in which the miner does not have title to the soil, but works the mine under what is well known in the mining districts, and what is recognized by the Act of Congress, as a mining claim. In the first case, the statute makes the tax a lien on the mine, because the title to the mine is in the person who owes and should pay the tax. In the other, the tax is a lien only on the claim of the miner; that is, on his possessory right to explore and work the mine under existing laws and regulations.

In the former case, the United States has no interest to be protected, and the State is at liberty to declare and enforce such a lien for her taxes. In the latter, also, such rights as the mining laws allow and as Congress concedes to develop and work the mines, is property in the miner, and property of great value. That it is so, is shown most clearly by the conduct of the mining corporation in whose interest this suit is brought, for the purpose of evading this tax, permits its investment in this mine, said to be worth from fifty to a hundred millions of dollars, to rest on this claim, this mere possessory right, when it could at a ridiculously small sum compared to the value of the mine, obtain the Government's title to the entire land, soil, mineral, and all. Those claims are the subject of bargain and sale, and constitute very largely the wealth of the Pacific Coast States. They are property in the fullest sense of the word, and their ownership, transfer, and use are governed by laws, and are recognized by the States and Federal Government. This claim may be sold, transferred, mortgaged, inherited, without infringing the title of the United States. Why may it not also be made subject to a lien for taxes, and be sold to enforce the lien? We see nothing in principle or in any interest the United States has in the lands to prevent it.

Decree of the Circuit Court dismissing the bill of appellant is affirmed. Mr. Justice Field being disqualified, took no part in the decision of this case.

Spring comes shambling along as if she had a stone-bruise on her heel.

Variety of Life in New York.

[Barleigh's N. Y. Letter to Boston Journal.]

Howe, the great Tomba lawyer, was supposed to be doing one of the most profitable law businesses in the city. He defended nearly all the rogues in New York, and his fees were supposed to be large; yet he has been adjudged a bankrupt. All the men of this class go under. The divorce lawyers, who are reported to have immense fees, seldom last long. Nine out of ten of the liquor men fail, though the common idea is that the profits are simply immense. I was in a leading restaurant yesterday, and was told that the checks showed that four hundred and fifty dollars were taken at the bar the day before. Yet every man who has kept that hotel has failed except the present proprietor, who has not been there long enough to give the thing a fair trial. It is the same with the politicians who hang around the City Hall. It is feast or famine with those fellows. One of them was distinguished for his heavy drinks of brandy and for buying two dollars' worth of cigars daily to give to his followers. He could not buy an oyster stew to day. A city official told me that his office cost him \$50,000 in clear cash, and he holds it only for two years. He was dressed in rough clothing and looked like a builder who goes out to days' work. "How is this?" I said. "I am in another business," was the reply. "I get \$700 a year. I have a quiet home. I sleep well nights, and have enough to eat day by day. On the street I made money one day and lost it the next. I had to watch my customers nights at the hotels. I had to eat as others ate, and drank as they drank, or I could not get any business. It cost me all I could make to keep my place. I'd rather be a scullion to scour the pantry than to do the drudgery of the street."

A dispatch from Benicia, California, dated May 25, says: "Our community was startled this morning by the report that Mrs. James Mallon was found dead at her residence near the military reservation. When found she was lying partly on the floor, while her feet rested on the bed. Marks of violence appear on her body, shoulders and neck. A large number visited the scene this morning. Traces of blood are visible from the front door to the bed room. The bedclothes are also covered with blood. Strong suspicion rests against the husband of deceased. The Coroner has been sent for, and an inquest will be held this afternoon." Another dispatch, dated Vallejo, May 26th, says: "The jury in the case of Mrs. Mallon, yesterday evening found that the deceased came to her death by blows received at the hands of her husband. His examination will take place next Monday, and he is now in jail. The body of the dead woman presented a most revolting spectacle. Her whole breast was one mass of discoloration, and the imprint from the nails in the man's boot were plainly visible in the flesh. Under her ear was quite a deep wound, which looked as if made by a boot heel. The deceased was a large, healthy woman. Her husband was intoxicated at the time."

THE CASE OF SECRETARY EVARTS.—The case of Secretary Everts is hardly understood by the general public. It is true he has had a lucrative practice and a relatively large income, but he has lived up to his income, and beyond the possession of a farm in Vermont, has no productive property. Then he has a large family of some eleven children. Three of his sons are at college, this occasioning a large outlay, and he has other sons and daughters upon whom he spends a great deal of money. I speak from very high authority when I say that Secretary Hamilton Fish spent from \$40,000 to \$60,000 a year when he held the position of Secretary, besides his salary from the Government. I have reason to know that Roscoe Conkling was offered at one juncture the position of Secretary of State by President Grant, when there was some misunderstanding between the latter and Mr. Fish. But Mr. Conkling declined the position, and showed the President that it would be impossible for him to accept it as he had not the means at Mr. Fish's command to sustain it creditably.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A man walked into the Union Square Hotel the other day, and began nervously looking over the register. He turned and returned the pages, and appeared to be absorbed in them. The clerk thought he was a detective, and asked him what he was looking for. "Nothing, nothing," said the stranger abstractedly, still looking over the names and going back for a month or so. He appeared to be satisfied after a time and said he wanted a room. A key was given the bell-boy from the fifth story, and the stranger went toward the elevator, carrying his pig-skin bag. Then he came back and began scanning the register again. "What are you looking for?" at last exclaimed the clerk, puzzled by the man's persistence. "It's all right," said the stranger, closing the book and following the boy, "I thought, maybe, Kate Claxton was staying here."—*Dramatic News.*

A clergyman in Lowell, Massachusetts, is of the opinion that children now living will see the day when intoxicating liquors will neither be made nor sold in this country. He must be of a sanguine temperament.

Freight Wagon Accident.

Two Victims Laid in One Grave.

[Silver State, 28th.]

The accident which occurred on the Paradise road a short distance above town last Saturday afternoon has unfortunately proved even worse than at first reported, and resulted in the death of the two boys, Henry Bell and Willie Thacker. It appears that the boys, who had been fishing and gathering greens on the river, reached the road on their way homeward as a twelve-horse team belonging to Mr. Kemler, loaded with 24,000 pounds of grain, was on its way to town from Paradise Valley. The boys asked the driver, Nathan Eaton, if they could ride between the wagons, and he not having the heart to refuse the little fellows, gave them permission to do so. They placed their baskets and a bucket, in which they had a few small fish, in the feed box and sat on the tongue between the wagons. Arriving at a ridge over which the road passes the driver stopped his team to let the animals blow before taking the hill and went back to see the boys, whom he supposed were still on the tongue. He saw the basket and bucket but the boys were missing. He went back a short distance and was horror-stricken at what he saw. Henry Bell was dead, the wagon having passed over his head, and crushed it beyond recognition, and little Willie Thacker had his arm broken, and as the sequel shows, received internal injuries which shortly afterwards proved fatal. The teamster came to town and told what had occurred, and teams were at once dispatched to the scene of the accident. The Thacker boy's wounds were dressed by Dr. Bogman, but in less than two hours he died from internal injuries. The sad affair cast a deep gloom over the entire community, and yesterday the citizens turned out en masse to attend the funeral. The boys, who were friends and school mates in life, were not separated in death, both being laid in one grave. The burial services of the Catholic and Methodist churches were read at the grave by Rev. Mr. Hinkle and Mr. D. Hawkins, a cross distinguishing one of the coffins from the other. The bereaved relatives have the sympathies of the whole community in this their hour of affliction.

THE DUTCH PASSION FOR WASHING.—Every Saturday morning the Dutch women wash their houses on the outside, scrubbing them from pavement to chimney. Any point that is too high for broom or ladder they reach by a forcing pump. Out of nearly every window may be seen a woman, stretching herself half way out, perhaps, with a brush and cloth, reaching after some fancied dirt spot, or dashing a pail of water at it. It is understood at this time that the town is given up to cleaning, and the passers-by on the pavement below have no right to complain if they get a shower of water and suds over their heads. The spiders have been driven entirely out of Holland, or left in disgust; and I do not think I ever saw a fly anywhere in the country. No swallows are allowed to dirty up their houses or stables, and, strange to say, one sees no birds about whatever, except the omnipresent storks, which are allowed by special favor to build their nests in the chimney-tops, owing to a particular veneration the Dutch have for this bird, likely because it is a water-fowl, or like the Dutch themselves, an amphibious swamp-animal. As you go through a Dutch town the most common sight is the women washing in the canals. On both sides, from one end of the street to the other, they may be seen at all times of the day, washing everything, from a baby's stocking to a table-cloth; and, when they have nothing else to wash, they wash out their brooms and brushes and tubs and themselves. Sometimes the whole canal has the appearance of flowing with soap suds. The Dutch have learned the art of washing, and everything connected with it, so well that other countries often send their linen there to be washed and bleached, especially the large manufactories. The meadows outside of a Dutch town are fairly white with washed articles stretched over them.—*Ladies' Repository.*

BEWARE OF HAIR-DYE.—One of the residents of a down-east village is a crazy woman whose insanity is manifested by always wearing a letter envelope on her bonnet or tied to her parasol, or in some other harmless way; but we doubt if any one would be likely to surmise the cause of her insanity. A few days ago her son took her to a noted physician for his advice. The physician said that her difficulty was softening of the brain; that it was absolutely incurable, and that it was caused entirely by the use of hair-dye. We hope that this incident may induce people who resort to artificial means to restore the lost beauty of their hair, to throw aside dangerous dyes and lotions, and wear their gray locks without shame.

Some one has recently discovered that the kanker-worm, a great pest of fruit trees, can be effectually destroyed by smearing printers' ink on the trunk and branches. It is pleasant to note this addition to the many ways in which printers' ink is potent for the suppression of pests.

Only six circuses will take the road this summer, and the small boy who isn't extra good will run a chance of being left outside the canvas.

Witticisms.

It makes a boy sick to look at the picture of a Turk and think what big pockets he could have in his pantaloons.

The fizz of the soda fountain is heard in the land, and the tender thereof watcheth the left eye of his customer.

When proposing to a widow, the question whether her first husband is dead or divorced should be put as delicately as possible.

The price of whiskey is increasing so rapidly that only the rich and proud can afford to have any bread in the house.

An old subscriber writes us that since his daughters discarded the old style bustle, his paper is no longer in arrears.

The foolish man will ask a woman if her baby is not a trifle cross-eyed; but the wise man will take the cars to the next town and make his inquiries by postal card.

So many hotel clerks have gone into bankruptcy in Philadelphia since the Centennial that a very fine cluster diamond pin can be had there from fifteen cents down.

Frank Leslie is travelling with his entire editorial staff in the far West. Only his shears remain behind in New York, and the work of the office goes on as usual.

A Wisconsin constable levied on the "undivided half" of a gray mule. He wasn't particular which end he took, and it was thirteen days before he opened his eyes and recognized his wife.

A Sinner, Washington, D. C., has sent seven dollars to the Conscience Fund. He certainly chose the best possible signature for destroying any clue to his identity.

A country paper has this libelous paragraph: "Philadelphia has a musical association that is over 50 years old. One or two of the young ladies have belonged to it ever since it was organized."

A newly fledged editor out West is of the opinion that "love is greater than money," but the chances are he'll change his mind when he tries to get a dozen clams on this basis.

While we are erecting tombstones over dead martyrs and placing laurel wreaths on the brows of living heroes, don't let us forget to drop a tear on the grave of the man who conceived the idea of putting a potato on the spout of a kerosene can.

Dreadful old man (who only be-lieves in professional music)—"I hope you amateur gentlemen take a real pleasure in performing." Chorus—"Certainly we do." Dreadful old man—"Then, at least, there is some compensation for the torture you inflict."

A man "down East" returned his newspaper to the printing office with "jacks" written on the margin, and in the next issue the editor stated the fact, and wound up the paragraph by asking: "Will our indignant subscriber please let us know at what stable he can be found?"

The man who has been begging a paper of us each week for the past three months upon the positive promise that he would subscribe as soon as he got some money, bought a bull pup yesterday for \$3, cash in advance. It looks as though we'd lost a subscriber, for he won't be able to make such a raise soon, unless his wife gets able to do five family washings in a week, instead of three, as is her custom now.

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opellet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opellet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms have another use beside looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down among them—so well hidden that one could scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth, and he is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

A correspondent writing from Wolverhampton, England, says: "In addition to the numerous hardware branches in which, as you know, you are competing with us, I have to report that you are vixing us in nuts and bolts, rivets and other railway fastenings."—*Pittsburg Manufacturer.*

An undertaker in Dallas, Texas, fearing that he would not get pay for a coffin, dug it up three days after the burial and carried it back to his shop, leaving the dead man's body in the box that had inclosed the casket.